TORONTO SATURDAY LIGHT.

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Around Town.

Christmas is passed and I am not sorry. Before it comes, the traditions and expectations are sufficiently exciting and enjoyable to make the too frequent mention of the word endurable. The delightful mysteries in one's own home! they are really the prettiest bits of drama one sees in the year. For instance my youngsters early in the fall begin a campaign of money-getting. They had to be hired to eat their porridge and to button up their own shoes and to take their music lessons, and, in fact, to keep out of jail generally. In December the various "banks" were made to disgorge the pennies, dimes and quarters therein deposited, and new bills—brand new bills—were demanded in exchange. Then cunning looks were bestowed on the mother and myself; secret conclaves held at the most inappropriate times and in the most conspicuous places. I began to grow gray trying to be unconscious of the fact that a "surprise" was in store for me. I had to be deaf and blind, stunned and unconscious at least twice per day in order to maintain the pleasant fiction, but I struggled bravely on (I wouldn't write this only my olive branches are too young to read newspapers). One evening at tea No. 3 began to make leading remarks; No. 1 told her not to "give everything away," and No. 2 broke in with a remark to the effect that she considered them both a pair of blabs. In the heated controversy which followed this, incidents were quoted by each disputant wherein enough had been said "to give everything away" to me. Of course I failed to understand and must have lost considerable caste with my family who, if they believed me still ignorant of their designs, must have regarded me as only partially baked. I had to hire a hack for the purchasing day and each dutiful daughter, with tears in her eyes, assured me that nothing but something special prevented them from insisting on my being of the party. Doors were slammed in my face and the most odious whispering took place in my presence and still I was obliged to maintain my innocence. I was asked if I would not like to have a "real lovely" waste paper basket for my study, one trimmed with red ribbons and lace to match the curtains and furniture, and still I was supposed to be in the dark. Interrogations as to whether I expected Santa Claus to do anything in my line were made, and when I sadly said that old Santa and I were not on speaking terms, a roar of laughter and many knowing looks flew around. As the day grew nigh the gunpowder-plot looks grew more Guy Fawkesy, giggling became more prevalent, and when the hysteria grew into an influenza, cries of "now don't go and tell" were common, and I had either to leave the table or laugh. I could not have stood it another day, and their mother were herself out trying to hide her knowledge of designs they had on her. We were not consulted, but on Christmas morning, oh deed of crowning deceit, I went into ecstacies over a waste-paper basket big enough to hold a week's washing, or a least two serial novels written by my indefatigable friends, the country school teachers. Inside of it was a pint bottle of perfumery, a red necktie, a set of gold and diamond jewelry for my shirt (marked 25c), a rainbow silk handkerchief (reduced to 43c), an orange, three figs—one of the latter had probably been sampled, as a large semi-circular bite was missing from three-quarters of it—four chocolates, a tooth brush, a match safe and a pin cushion, out of which the sawdust was already exuding. I went into spasms of surprise and delight—I guess I overdid it, for the eldest enquired if I was really surprised, and I lied like an old liar convincing her that I had never on earth expected such an assortment of works of art. Then I had to help their mother through with her surprise, and I am exhausted by my share of the annual deception.

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Little girls love dolls. This time of year impresses one enormously with this fact. The maternal instinct is alive in the child and it is predominant in youth as it is in maturity, when the mother will fight as fiercely for her young as the lioness will for her whelps. What do boys like? Hobby horses, gay accoutrements, drums, bugles and ear-splitting whistles! Where is the fatherly instinct? There is none! Nothing but a love of prancing and show and noise and those things which cause the young animal to be gazed at.

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When the girl and boy grow older, is it not the same? The salad youth, as a rule, wants whiskers and livery rigs and hacks and cigarettes and fool companions who make a noise; the girl unless she has been spoiled by the boy is at home attending to her knitting. Still later on it is the same. But as the difference is so early developed one really has to blame nature for some of it. The difference is there and we men have to make some sort of excuse for it. As Jenny Wren the doll's dressmaker was wont to say: "I know their tricks and manners," and from babyhood up their "tricks and manners" are just the same though in a different sphere.

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I didn't believe that a nine year old youngster really took in the Santa Claus business till Christmas day. She lay awake all night with a raging toothache and never said a word nor called for help lest Santa Claus might think she was lying in wait for him and refuse to call. Dear Old Christmas, good-bye to you; I'm glad you only come once a year or I would become a confidence operator. Christmas numbers, Christmas trade, Christmas turkey, Christmas cramps, Christmas everything, I am tired to death of you. Good-bye, and don't let us hear the word again for a twelvemonth.

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The public have long known and Mayor Clarke cannot have been a stranger to the fact, that at such a critical time as the present it would be exceedingly undesirable to change the head of our civic administration. However there are many things which everybody knows and everybody feels, which need definite expression before anyone is made "officially" aware of the existence of such a general knowledge or feeling. No matter how long a wife has loved a husband there is no time in that husband's life, if he regards her love, that it is not acceptable to hear a statement of the fact and it is popularly believed that many husbands make an exceedingly great error in not more frequently giving voice to the affection they feel for their spouse. A man may live all his days and be highly esteemed by the community and unless some accident causes it or some thoughtful friend organizes an expression of opinion, this honored citizen may go to his grave without ever having been assured that the people love and respect him. Employers have faithful servants, and they count on the loyalty and the industry of such servants as so settled and indisputable a fact that they never think of telling the ones who would be delighted to hear it, that they think well of them and would not for any ordinary consideration permit them to bestow their services elsewhere. Vast numbers of employes have a sincere regard for the one who has long given them employment, but somehow it never occurs to them to say so, because everyone feels it, because everyone knows it, and it therefore seems unnecessary that anyone should take the pains to state it to the one who would be most interested in hearing it. Thus it is we go through life taking too many things for granted and without telling our best friends how much we think of them, without informing our neighbors of the esteem in which we hold them, without letting it be known to those who have honorably and ably served us how much we prize their work and worth. The number of thoughtful people who endeavor to make life pleasant for those for whom they care, I am afraid is exceedingly small. And then again those who do take the trouble of overcoming the diffidence which everyone feels in taking charge for the moment of the expression of the community's feelings, highly prized and they feel sure they are voicing the sentiments of their fellow citizens when asking him to be a candidate for re-election. I venture to say that Mayor Clarke was not surprised, inasmuch as I am certain he was aware of the general desire. I am also quite positive that the deputation did not feel that they were telling any news, that they were simply acting as someone has to act when such an idea has to be officially conveyed. The men who left their business to call upon Mayor Clarke in this matter were not busy bodies such as always hasten to convey news, but were men of large concerns who did not take the trouble they did without feeling that it was their duty to do so, and I am but one of the many who thank them for not having neglected what was at the same time everybody's work and the particular task of no one.

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It is not pleasant after such a duty has been performed to see a newspaper of the wide circulation possessed by the *Telegram* hastening, not only to decry the errand, but to belittle the men. With a fondness for the "workingmen" which the *Telegram* had never been suspected of possessing, it "views with alarm" the fact that no mechanics or laborers were invited to accompany the delegation. If this was an intentional slight it would indeed be a serious one, even though it could not be charged to anyone but the deputation. Mayor Clarke, like many others who are not ashamed to confess it, sprang from the ranks and was lifted into prominence by the hands of his fellow-workmen. The confidence of the workingmen Mayor Clarke has always possessed and continues to possess in an undiminished degree. His old friends and fellow-workmen feel so certain of his popularity that it seems unnecessary to express it, for honest men, who do not follow a "talking" profession, are apt to feel much more than they find it easy to put into words. They knew that the Mayor had done nothing to forfeit public confidence while he had done much to entrench himself in it, and they deliberately, and no doubt intentionally, left it to those men who had opposed him, to present a petition for his continuance in civic life. Except to a mind jaundiced by jealousy and narrowed by self-seeking a deputation of his former opponents asking the Mayor to continue to serve the city was an unusually pleasant and profitable spectacle. When it is remembered that the majority of these very men were the allies of the *Telegram* in its campaign for mayoralty candidate Rogers; when in fact Mr. E as Rogers himself was a member of the deputation, the contemptible position of the paper in question becomes still more conspicuous. Mr. Rogers with a generosity which does credit to both his heart and his head, assured Mayor Clarke that if he had thought him so worthy of the position he would never have opposed him. Such an exhibition of manly large-heartedness is so rare, so worthy of imitation that Mr. Rogers will always be remembered. The backbiting of the *Telegram* is certainly caused by a personal hatred somewhere concealed about the *Telegram* office which is both unjustifiable and disgusting. Two years ago the *Telegram* felt, because the workingmen, the Orangemen and the "boys" were the backers of Mayor Clarke, that such support distinctly proved him to be unfit to be our chief executive. Now when the business men and former opponents of Mr. Clarke have declared their friendship it is shocked to believe but still insists on believing that to gain their friendship he must have sacrificed the interests of and betrayed his fealty to his old friends. It apparently does not occur to the *Telegram* that a man may be esteemed by all classes. It is probably unacquainted with many men who are largely esteemed by any class. When Mr. Clarke was elected he was known to be an Orangeman and the editor of the Orange *Sentinel*. The Roman Catholics had good reason to suspect that if bigotry existed among Orangemen Mr. Clarke would be a bigot of the bigots. They have discovered that he is an honest and just man, and their pleasant disappointment and candid appreciation of his character have made it quite apparent that in the coming campaign they will be his friends. The *Telegram* believes that this is another example of Mr. Clarke's apostasy. Is it our esteemed contemporary's opinion that a man cannot be an Orangeman without being a bigot and a hater of papists? Is it convinced that the chief duty of our chief magistrate should be the originating and propagation of disturbing sentiments? The mayor of a city has no more right to be an agitator and the kindler of party strife than the chief of police has. How long would Toronto tolerate a chief of police who at public meetings or in private conversation played the part of an incendiary or peace-disturbing partisan. The only mistake Mayor Clarke made with regard to the anti-Jesuit agitation was his presence at the meeting. I personally believe that the anti-Jesuit agitation was a proper one, but I do not believe that the Mayor of our city had or has any right to take part in such agitations. It is a part of his duty to keep the peace and the keeping of the peace as between Protestants and Catholics in Toronto is not an easy task. We would not like to see our judges engaged in political, racial or religious strife, neither should we ask the chief magistrate of Toronto to allow himself or his name to be associated with any such matters.

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The sum of the whole matter is this: The *Telegram* has reviled and belittled Mayor Clarke without having done damage to his popularity or without having been able to besmear his reputation for ability, justice and integrity. Furious because of its failure, unsupported by the consciousness of a good motive, convinced that the injury has been to itself instead of to the one it was anxious to rule, its utterances are now but the shrill scoldings of a fish wife whose rage increases as the amusement of her auditors becomes unconcealed and their contempt finds expression without even the compliment of recognizing her presence or regarding her frenzy.

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If Candidate McMillan were considered an able man, his honesty might hide his failings and carry him through, but he is not so considered. There are plenty of nice men who can't keep store. There are honest men galore who can't keep from being robbed. Indeed there are numerous, good kindly souls who are honest as the sun and well loved by their neighbors who would be poverty stricken an hour after they struck a "hay-fork" agent. Because the public are aware of these peculiarities of human nature, and not because they have anything against Ald. McMillan, I am of the opinion that "Honest John" is wasting his time unless he is simply running for exercise.

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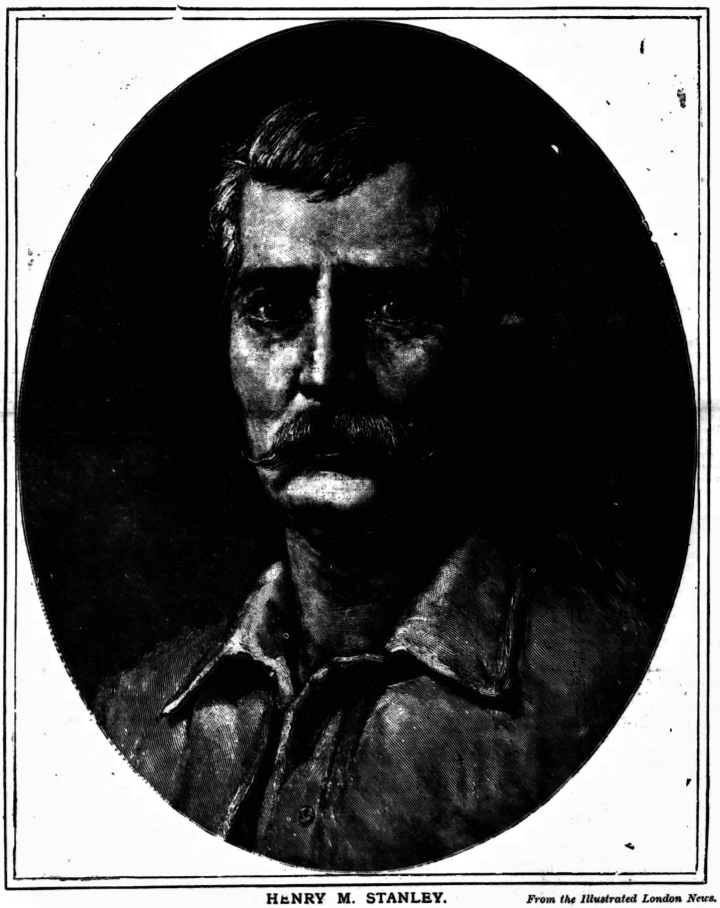
Such an arrogant assumption of authority by the hierarchy as has been made in the affairs of Separate Schools in Toronto, Peterborough and Ottawa has demonstrated, to the Protestant community at least, that the Roman Catholic archbishops and bishops do not recognize the right or ability of their laity to manage the Separate School system even upon lines laid down by the priesthood. Furthermore, it is a pretty plain hint that the same authorities have no belief in the capacity of their flock for self-government or the management of any temporal affairs outside of the earning of sufficient money for bread and butter, raiment and shelter, together with that more or less involuntary contribution for the support of the Church. When we see the priests taking in hand the entire management of Separate Schools and reducing the boards of trustees to the status of dummies we can fairly conceive how few political rights the hierarchy would permit the laity to possess if it were within their power to reduce them to the same level in politics as in religion and education. I cannot conceive how full grown men permit other men who are no better than themselves to assume a dictatorship degrading alike to the manhood and the mentality of those who are reduced to the condition of serfs. Nor can I conceive of those who have passed the mental condition where dolls and play-houses and make-believes cease to give pleasure, permitting themselves to be Separate School trustees or voters at an election to fill such empty offices, knowing, as they must know, that they have no rights that the priests are bound to respect, no authority which cannot be upset by an ecclesiastical decree, no room to exercise their judgment, no courage to curb the aggression of those who evidently do not believe in free institutions. The recent pronouncements on this question leave no room for doubt that the priests not only believe they own the Separate Schools but the school rooms built with public money; and that any man who dares assert the contrary is a heretic and marked for excommunication. There was a time when the hierarchy believed that parliaments were their puppets and laws their playthings. It is evident that that time is not yet past, though ecclesiastical power has declined, until now in free countries it dare not assert itself, except within the mystic circle of the church. There men have no right to opinions, no right to a voice in management, no right even to complain. It does not unduly stretch the imagination to conceive that the time is not far distant when Roman Catholics will throw off this yoke as they threw off the older and heavier yoke and demand a voice in all such concerns as are outside of direct spiritual ministrations and the forgiveness of sins. The assumption of undue powers by the hier-



HENRY M. STANLEY. *From the Illustrated London News.*

archy, the humiliating posture in which the admission of this authority must necessarily place a member of the church will hasten the day. It is not many years since the Puritans of New England were prone to put to death harmless old women who were suspected of being witches. It will not be many years before religious witchcraft, the power to blast the soul and to wither the hope of future happiness with a word, will become as absurd in the eyes of Roman Catholics as in the old New England doctrine of witchcraft their uncanny spells. Indeed one can scarcely believe while reading of such threats as the priests make, that this is the latter end of the nineteenth century instead of the beginning of the seventh.

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Some months ago I remarked that Toronto had reason to feel thankful that Bishop Cleary of Kingston had not been appointed archbishop of this diocese. He is an indiscreet and violent man who never fails to do injury to his cause when he rushes into print, a thing of which he is very fond. The controversy with Mr. Meredith shows that itching to hurl bulls of excommunication at people who care less for his good opinion than they do for that of their next door neighbor. He is a good example of the prelate necessary to awake Roman Catholicism in this country to a revolt against the superior airs and authorized by-heaven bombast which grows more absurd every year that the world grows older. The closing line of Bishop Cleary's letter to Mr. Meredith in which he exclaims, "May God forgive William Meredith" is uttered in a tone to lead people to believe that such forgiveness is impossible, that if Bishop Cleary had the granting of the pardon it would never be given. I reckon W. R. Meredith is not hungering for any intercession at the throne of grace from Bishop Cleary, and that any such gratuitous circumflexions are entirely wasted in the chancel of politics.

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The Citizens' Association has decided not to interfere with the nomination or policy of aldermen. Probably they are induced to pursue this course by the fear of antagonizing the City Council of 1890. They may be right, but I fear that the moment they cease to be an aggressive body they will cease to be the factor they have been in the Esplanade matter. Compromises and fears of hurting the feelings of aldermen have long enough ruled those who might have an influence in bettering our municipal condition. However, the Association probably knows what it is about, but I hope that a tender-fingered policy will not be adopted in treating with next year's Council and the Railway Committee of the House of Commons. If it is, the game will be up and the railways will have won their point.

DON.

Social and Personal.

The Toronto season is generally considered as being divided into two halves, and New Year's Day as the point which terminates the first half and commences the second. Next Wednesday, therefore, the curtain will fall on the first act of the season's comedy, so that the present time is fitted to a few thoughts on what has occurred in the gay world and on what is likely to occur before the fast of Ash Wednesday rings the curtain down again. Up to the present time, the frequent comparisons that one has made between this and recent seasons have been generally unfavorable to the former, and it is undeniably true that although certain points have sparkled brightly, there has been no approach to the continued brilliancy of the corresponding months in 1887. Again in 1888, although in a far lesser degree than the previous winter, balls, etc., were more frequent than during the last three months. A time, however, which has included one entertainment of almost unequaled magnificence in the annal of the town, the several private balls of unusual splendor and more than one wedding of the highest import ance, cannot be called uneventful. It is also probable that in no former similar space of time has there been so constant a succession of the richly kind of attractions at the theaters, and many musical events of importance. There seems to be a general feeling that the future promises well and that in the next two months there will be an abundance of all kinds of gaiety. Undoubtedly in the week which will close the old year and open the new one, society will have as much to do as they can possibly get through. The Kendals for the whole week, to be seen as often as possible in the theater and to be *fêted* and entertained outside it; New Year's Day, with its special functions of dinner-giving and calling, the last happily fast dying out; New Year's Eve when numerous guests will applaud the hospitality of Colonel and Mrs. Sweny and their splendid house. These are but the more important events in prospect for next week. I would remind intending hostesses *en passant* that Easter is unusually early this year, so early that before February is ended Lent will have begun.

To-night at the Toronto Club Mr. Hume Blake is to be dined by a large company of his friends. I shall have something to say about this event next week.

The present winter has seen but few of those small, but particularly pleasant dances, for which the guests are collected at short notice by telephone or message boy. Programmes are discarded, which alone goes far towards making the success of such affairs, and even gloves are not considered essential, although the latter omission has its decided disadvantages. A marked example of such a success was the little dance given by Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer at Kenmore last week. The floor of Mr. Nordheimer's music room is a dancing floor of long standing reputation. Both host and hostess are especially well-versed in the management of such an affair; small wonder is it then that some forty guests prolonged a most enjoyable evening into hours which are said to be those of morning. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Meyrick Bankes, Miss Benson of Port Hope, Mr. Benjamin Cronyn, Mr. Pauw, Miss Parsons, the Messrs. Boulton, Miss Heward, Mr. Shanly, Mr. Goldingham, the Messrs. Ross, and Mr. Wilkie.

Miss Arkwright of New York is staying with friends on Simcoe street.

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Miss Small of Murray street has returned from a visit to New York.

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The Messrs. Benson of Victoria, B. C., have been staying in town. These gentlemen left this week for Nova Scotia, whence they will shortly sail for England.

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Major and Mrs. Delamere of London, Eng., have been spending a few days here, on their way to the West, where the Major talks of ranching.

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Mr. Herbert Standish of Clifton, Eng., has been staying with friends on John street.

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There is talk of a dance at the Academy of Music at a very short date. A popular hostess of Simcoe street will be the originator of this new venture.

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Mr. Edin Heward, the honorary secretary of the Toronto Sleighing Club for the current year, has been attending to its business and finances. A fall of snow will find the club fully prepared, but of that there seems no immediate prospect. People are still yachting and riding, and even thinking of tennis on cinder courts, while there is a report that one of our *jeunesse dorée* has actually moved across to his summer residence on the Island.

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The energetic officers of the Grenadiers are trying to secure Charles Wyndham and his company for their annual theatrical *fete*. If the prince of English comedians is brought here by their efforts, the enterprise of these gentlemen will meet its full reward.

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Mr. R. Wilson of Harrowgate, Eng., was in town last week.

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Hon. R. W. Scott of Ottawa has been spending a few days here.

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Mr. P. Æmilius Irving of Victoria, B. C., is staying with Mr. Æmilius Irving, Q. C. The former gentleman occupies a prominent position at the British Columbian bar.

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Among the distinguished visitors of the past week have been Mr. Bodley, M. P., of London, England, and Mr. George Foster of Dorchester, England.

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Miss Meredith of Beverley street has returned to town from a visit of some weeks to the States.

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Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Macpherson of Quebec are the guests of Sir David and Lady Macpherson, at Chesnut Park.

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Miss Madeline Fraser of Cobourg is the guest of Mrs. James Crowther, Bloor street.

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Mrs. Hoskins of Murray street gives a dance on January 3. Mrs. Hoskins is a perfect hostess, and her guests may rightly anticipate a delightful time, with the best of management and excellent taste in every detail.

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Mrs. Nanton of Jarvis street welcomed a large number of friends at afternoon tea, on Saturday, December 21. She was assisted in her duties as hostess by her daughters. Miss Nanton was dressed in black satin, while Miss Dollie Nanton wore a crimson gown trimmed with cri anon velvet. A noticeable feature of this pleasant reception was the freedom from over-crowding. Though so many guests were welcomed, they were almost constantly coming and going, leaving the hostess and her pretty rooms free to greet and accommodate all. Among those present were: Mrs. and the Misses Meredith, Mrs. Ridout, Mr. and Miss Parker, Miss Parsons, Mrs. Cosby, Mr. and Mrs. A. McLean, Mr. and Mrs. James Crowther, Mrs. Allan, Mrs. French, Miss Thorburn, Mrs. Hoskins and Miss Cayley. Mrs. Nanton has been in waiting for a length of time and previous to that was abroad, so that society has seen but little of her. Her many friends welcome her reappearance, and whisper that she has lost none of her ability for entertaining, which was evinced by her success in the role of hostess last Saturday.

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Mr. Herbert Nanton, who has been home on sick leave, will shortly rejoin his regiment in India. Mr. Nanton's friends are willing to admit that they are glad he is restored to health, and yet they sincerely regret his departure.

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Mrs. Henry Duggan, Wilcox street, was At Home to her friends Saturday last. Among those who were present were: Misses Rutherford, Mrs. Henry Moffatt, Mrs. H. Armstrong, Mrs. C. Riordan, Mr. and Miss Hoskins, Mrs. Armour, Mr. and Mrs. Scarth, Mrs. Brouse, Mrs. G. Duggan, Mr. and Mrs. Herschfelder, Miss Michie, Messrs. Rutherford, Misses Armstrong, Miss Wadsworth, Mr. and Mrs. James Crowther, Miss Skeaf, Mrs. Sprazge, Mr. D. McMurchy, Mr. W. and Miss Harte, Mr. and Mrs. McFarlane, Mrs. and Miss Gooderham, Miss Edith Macfarlane, Capt. and Miss Gibson, Miss May Walker, Mrs. Prince, Mrs. Bright, Mrs. B. Anderson, the Misses Denison, Miss Gray, Mr. E. McCrae.

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Mrs. J. Fuller, College avenue, gave a very delightful At Home on Saturday afternoon last.

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Mrs. Sweny gave a young people's dance on Thursday evening, and will welcome her many friends at a large party on the evening of Tuesday, December 31.

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Mrs. Wood of Bloor street will entertain a number of young people at a little dance on New Year's night.

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Cards are out for a dance at the residence of Mrs. Henderson of Rosedale on December 31.

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Mrs. Jacobi of Avenue road gave a musical At Home on Thursday evening.

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Miss Cochran of Rochester is the guest of Mrs. Henry Duggan of Wilcox street.

At St. George's Church, Harriston, a large number of fashionable people assembled on Tuesday morning to the marriage of Capt. Fred Manley, the popular Adjutant of the 10th Royal Grenadiers, and Mrs. Gordon of that town. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Rural Dean Belt, M. A., and Rev. A. Bonny of Palmerston. Dr. Davidson of Toronto officiated as groomsman. The bride was supported by Miss Hood of this city. Miss Bessie Henley and Miss Gertrude Patmore and Masters L. and J. Irvine assisted the bride and groom respectively. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. Joseph Fisher. The church was handsomely decorated. About fifty guests partook of the wedding breakfast at the residence of Mr. Alex. Irvine, after which Capt. Manley and his bride started on their wedding tour through the Western States.

The engagement is announced of Surgeon-Major Keefe of Her Majesty's Bengal Army and Miss Wilks, daughter of Matthew Wilks of Cruickston Park near Galt. Mr. Keefer is a Canadian by birth and belongs to the family of well-known engineers. After graduating at two of our Canadian universities, Toronto and McGill, he was successful at a competitive examination in England in winning his commission in the Imperial Army and has served for more than fifteen years in India, during which time he has seen a great deal of field service. On referring to the Army List I find that he took part in seven different campaigns in India and Egypt, for which service he has been decorated with five medals and four clasps. He has spent a good deal of his furlough in Canada and is known to many members of our Toronto society. Miss Wilks is better known in New York then in Toronto, her parents having originally resided in the former city, but of late years Mr. Wilks, having purchased a beautiful property on the banks of the Grand river, has made it his summer home, continually adding to and embellishing the house, and extending and laying out the grounds till at the present day Cruickston Park is one of the handsomest residential estates in the Dominion.

The Attorney-General of Ontario and Mrs. Mowat entertained a select party at dinner at their handsome residence on St. George street on Monday evening, December 23. Among those present were: Chief Justice Sir Thomas Galt, Justice Burton of the Court of Appeal, Justice Burbidge of the Exchequer Court, Sheriff Widdifield, Col. Gilmour, Clerk L. A., Sheriff Mowat, Dr. McMichael, Q.C., B. B. Osler, Q.C., Chas. Moss, Q.C., and Mr. Dalton, Master in Chancery. The dinner was a most enjoyable one in every respect.

On Christmas eve the proprietor of the Arlington Hotel gave a Christmas entertainment to his guests and some outsiders. The programme consisted of a Christmas tree, music and dancing. The guests were warmly welcomed and enjoyed themselves thoroughly.

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The managers of the Children's Fresh Air Fund are not ceasing from their good work during the winter. On Christmas eve nearly two thousand children were fed and entertained by them at Shaftesbury Hall. The enjoyment of the guests was of the most hilarious kind, but they were all made happy and that was the object.

Out of Town.

HAMILTON.

On Friday evening, December 20, one of the most brilliant social gatherings of the season was held in the Armory and was attended by the elite of the city as well as numbers from a distance. The interior of the building was handsomely decorated, the decorations being under the supervision of Mr. James Balfour. The hall presented a very attractive appearance, being one blaze of light and color. The variegated regalias of the Masonic fraternity and the handsome costumes of the ladies made a sight which will be long remembered by those who had the privilege of witnessing the brilliant pageant; there were nearly forty sets on the floor at that time. The music for the evening was supplied by the full band of the Thirteenth Battalion.

The supper was excellent in every particular. The stewards were Messrs. K. Bethune, J. Cameron, J. Ferres, R. Hobson, F. J. Howell, H. N. Kittson, S. H. Kent, T. W. Lester, J. M. Little, J. A. Lochhead, J. J. Mason, J. Malloy, Geo. E. Martin, S. C. Mewburn, J. W. Millard, C. W. Mulligan, John Stewart, J. N. Waddell, F. L. Wanzer, A. Zimmerman. The following are the gentlemen who composed the committee of the event: Mr. P. D. Carey, chairman; Mr. W. G. Trowsdale, secretary; and Messrs. James Ferres, Robert Hobson, George E. Mason, T. W. Lester, J. W. Millard, J. H. Herring, W. Birrell, W. J. Aitchison, E. S. Wallace, S. H. Kent, H. N. Kittson, S. C. Mewburn, P. E. Fitzpatrick, James Balfour and James Dixon.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. James Balfour, Mr. R. H. Bruce, Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Charlton, Mayor and Mrs. Doran, Mrs. A. R. Gates, Mr. H. G. Gates, Mr. Geo. E. Gates, Mr. A. Harvey, Capt. and Mrs. J. C. Hendrie, Mr. W. Hendrie, Mr. W. Hendrie, jr., Mrs. Hendrie, Miss Hendrie, Miss Annie Hendrie, Mr. F. E. Hodgins, Mr. J. A. Mason, Mrs. Mason, Major and Mrs. Moore, F. Macleican, Q.C., and Mrs. Mackelcan, Aid. McLellan and Mrs. McLellan, H. B. and Miss McGiverin, Baron Rosenstadt, C. R. Smith, John and Mrs. Stewart, J. J. and Mrs. Stewart, Hugh and Mrs. Skinner, B. B. and Mrs. Skinner, F. R. Waddell, Capt. and Miss Zealand, A. and Miss Zimmerman, Frank and Mrs. Wanzer, Miss M. Atkinson of Dundas, R. B. Burt, L.D.S., of Collingwood, Miss Black of Winnipeg, Frank and Mrs. Barber of Georgetown, Mr. and Mrs. Braithwaite of Calgary, N.W.T., T. H. Carey of Montreal, Miss Gildersleeve of Brooklyn, N.Y., A. F. and Mrs. Pirie of Dundas, Dr. Cummings of New York, Mrs. Herald of Dundas, Miss Herod of Guelph, M. W. Holzer of New York, J. and Mrs. Jacks of Toronto, Mrs. R. L. Kelly of Dakota, W. E. S. Knowles of Dundas, A. L. and Mrs. Pauline Lay of Olean, N.Y., Miss Leslie Prescott, Miss Mitchell of Brantford, Miss Jennie McDermid, Miss McInnes and Miss Nichol of Toronto, Miss N. F. Reid of Galt, Miss Stewart of Georgetown, Mrs. Taylor of Toronto, R. T. Walker of Kingston, Mrs. P. Wood of Brantford, Mrs. Wyatt of Toronto, Miss Stevenson of Kingston, Dr. and Mrs. Hall of Lynden, Mr. and Mrs. Stratford of Brantford, Mr. and Mrs. Morson of Toronto, Miss B. Jones of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. Hanson of London, Mr. A. Bridgewood of Toronto.

Among the many handsome costumes I noticed: Mrs. T. H. Husband, crushed strawberry silk, puffed sleeves, round bodice trimmed with light brocade; Mrs. Wm. Gillespie, white silk, pearl embroidered front; Miss Hood, cream satin; Mrs. Kenny, black satin, jet trimmings, and flowers; Miss Dunlop, sage green satin and tulle, bead ornaments; Miss Lottridge, white silk, jet ornaments; Mrs. Wm. Carey, black tulle; Miss Katie Leggat, pink silk, tulle, ribbon, and feather trimmings; Mrs. A. Pirie of Dundas, ashes of roses satin merveilleux, gold applique front, court train; Mrs. T. Baines, pale pink satin merveilleux, with cream gold applique front; Mrs. W. R. Davis, white watered silk; Mrs. Kelk, cinnamon and golden brown silk, steel trimming, amber ornaments; Miss Schumacher, cream cashmere; Mrs. Ballard, French gray satin, plush trimming, diamond ornaments; Miss A. Taylor, pink satin, pearl ornaments; Miss Simms of Chicago, black silk, lace overdress, silver ornaments; Mrs Noblett, black silk, jet ornaments; Miss Hortense Davis, gaslight green and pink silk with tulle and pompoons, diamond ornaments; Mrs. Climie, pink silk draped with crepe du chine, cream fringe trimmings, ornaments, diamonds and pearls; Miss Grea Anderson, rose-colored satin and tulle, ornaments, diamonds; Miss Moodie, cream silk, pink ribbons and flowers; Mrs. S. H. Kent, black silk, fish-net overdress; Mrs. McCrosbie Morden, of Ridgetown, mauve silk and tulle, pearls and flowers; Mrs. A. Moore, black merveilleux *en train*, lace overdress, jet ornaments, black and black feathers; Miss Fuller, pink satin, looped with roses; Mrs. G. Thompson, muslin, embroidered in yellow; Miss Laura Morden, black satin and lace, yellow roses and diamond ornaments; Miss E. Taylor, black lace and satin, yellow flowers and diamonds; Mrs. E. Jarvis, cream moire with pea green trimmings; Mrs. P. O. McKay, black silk velvet *en traine*, canary satin front and cream feathers; Miss Davidson, orange china silk and fringe; Mrs. McDonald of Toronto, cream faille and pearls; Miss Jessie McDennis, heliotrope surah, black corded front and diamonds; Miss Black, black silk, net trimmings and diamond ornaments; Miss Cook, black gros grain; Mrs. John Malloy, corn color merveilleux with black lace overdress, ornaments and diamonds; Miss Malloy, cream faille with pearls and roses; Mrs. Murton, black lace, ornaments diamonds; Mrs. Allan of Brockville, gray net dress trimmed with pink roses, ornaments diamonds; Mrs. William Hendrie, yellow brocade duchesse lace; Miss Hendrie, gray tulle, watered silk bodice; Miss Annie Hendrie, white tulle, pearl silk bodice and flowers; Mrs. John S. Hendrie, pink silk trimmed with flowers; Mrs. R. S. Kelly of Pierre, South Dakota, black gros grain silk, jet trimmings, garnets; Mrs. Braithwaite of Calgary, N. W. T., heliotrope moire, white net and silver trimmings; Mrs. J. J. Mason, black moire and lace, jet ornaments; Mrs. Robertson, black velvet and ornaments; Mrs. Allardier, white silk and moire, ornaments of pearl; Mrs. Thomas McBride, black satin; Mrs. Garland, black lace and satin; Miss Bartmann, cream Henrietta cloth and ribbon trimmings; Mrs. Gartshore, ruby velvet and pink moire, ornaments of turquoise; Miss Gartshore, white moire and silk crepe, ornaments of gold; Mrs. B. E. Charlton, mahogany velvet and satin with steel trimmings, drapery of corn-colored satin and diamond ornaments; Mrs. R. B. Skinner, black lace and ornaments; Miss Maggie Hobson, amber satin and flowers; Miss Jennie Hobson, black tulle and pink roses; Mrs. Charles E. Morgan, black velvet; Mrs. Frank Mackelcan, yellow watered silk, with crepe de chine, ornaments, diamonds and pearls; Miss Billings, blue faille, white brocade; Mrs. Fenwick, black satin merveilleux, jet trimming; Mrs. Howell, cream satin merveilleux, ornaments, feathers and pearls; Mrs. Fralick, brown watered silk, pink crepe de chine, ornaments, feathers; Mrs. F. Johnson, black surah silk and net; Mrs. Heming, black moire and velvet white duchesse lace; Miss Widger, black fish net and yellow jet trimmings; Miss Scudday, white silk gauze with ribbon trimmings; Mrs. Little, black velvet and satin merveilleux, diamonds and gold ornaments; Mrs. Hugh Skinner, black moire bodice and chantilly lace skirt; Mrs. Frank Mills, black silk and tulle; Miss Dunlop, olive green tulle and velvet bodice; Miss Cummings, white silk; Mrs. Henry Fuller, heliotrope satin and tulle; Miss Lottridge, white silk and silver brocade; Miss Walker, Greek robe of white cashmere and gold; Miss Morgan, pale yellow satin; Miss Springer, black crepe; Mrs. Gardiner, cadet-blue silk with tulle and steel trimmings; Miss Dora, white silk; Miss Smith, ivy-green silk; Mrs. Robert McKay, black velvet and lemon tulle; Miss Pauline Lay, blue satin; Miss L. Shrader, black lace; Mrs. N. J. McPherson, white silk and crimson velvet; Mrs. Rennie, gray tulle and steel; Mrs. Wood, black lace; Mrs. Ross Mulligan, pale blue satin; Mrs. Mulligan, cream brocade; Mrs. A. C. Beasley, black lace; Miss Davidson, yellow satin, cream satin, and white and silver gauze; Miss Rae, black lace and corn flowers; Miss Mabel Roe, black lace and old-rose ribbons; Miss Young, black lace and apple-green silk.

BARRIE.

The invitations are out for the ball given by the Barrie bachelors on January 8, in the Town Hall, at 8.30 o'clock. Quite a number out of town have received cards. This event promises to be a grand success. The lady patronesses are Lady Kortright, Mrs. Pepler, Mrs. Andros, Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy, Mrs. Dickinson, Mrs. Spotton, Mrs. Cotter, Mrs. J. Morgan, Mrs. Schreiber. Honorary secretary, Mr. G. H. Esten, and stewards, Messrs. T. Baker, R C. Gillett, H. H. McCuaig, H. A. Kortright, G. McCarthy, W. Campbell, G. Fraser, F. G. Morton and A. W. Giles.

It is rumored that the Thespians will give the play which they have been rehearsing for some time, on January 2 and 3, in the Town Hall. They will be sure to be greeted by an appreciative audience on an previous occasion.

Several ladies and gentlemen here have received invitations to the ball given by the Aurora bachelors on January 8. It is that a number will avail themselves of this pleasure on January 1.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Barwick and child of Toronto spent Christmas with Mrs. Cotter of Rock Forest.

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. B. Johnson and child of Toronto were visiting at Mrs. Schreiber's of the Boulders, Allandale.

Messrs. R. H. Mason, E. R. Morton, Geo. Jones and C. Bird, who have been attending the Medical School in Toronto, are home for a holiday.

Mr. Percy Kortright is home from St. Catharines for vacation.

Misses R. McCarthy, F. Henderson and B. Dyment have returned for Christmas, from Toronto.

Miss Jessie Forsyth is visiting friends in the city.

Mr. T. Norman spent last Sunday in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McKeggie were in Toronto for a few days recently.

Mrs. L. Mercer and child have been visiting relatives in Niagara.

Mr. Wray of Hamilton, was the guest of Mrs. D. Spry this week.

Mr. J. Coffee of the Bank of Toronto spent Christmas day in the city. OCULAIRE.

BELLEVILLE.

Miss Tillie Carman, the Misses Corby, daughters of H. Corby, M. P., the Misses Ethelind Thomas, Mabel Porterfield and Ada Cleghorn are home from school for the holiday season, also Messrs. T. Kelso, Angus Dickson, Harry Biggar and Frank Wallbridge.

Mr. J. H. Simpson, barrister, spent Monday in Toronto.

Cards of invitation are out for a large party on Thursday evening, December 26, at Mr. Elliott's, Hillside.

George Dickson, Q. C., who was taken seriously ill in Toronto, is improving, and Mrs. Dickson has returned home.

Mr. Lewis Wallbridge of St. Paul, Minn., Mr. Herbert Hulme of Toronto, Mr. H. Parker, Molsons Bank, Morrisburgh, Mr. Lionel Parker of St. Paul, Minn., Mr. J. Tannahill of Toronto, Mr. Lingham, Mr. A. Coleman of Montreal, and Dr. A. Elliott are all in town for Christmas.

Mr. Fred Strong, Merchants' Bank, Winnipeg, is here on interesting business.

St. Thomas' Church and Christ Church have added supplicated choirs to their other Christmas attractions.

Campbell and Gavin Wallbridge and N. C. Cole, Toronto, are spending Christmas with their relatives here.

New Music

All the Year Round Lancers—Nellie S. Smith..... 50c
Toreador Waltz, T. F. Rz le..... 50c
When the Lights are Low Waltz—Theo. Bonheur..... 60c

New Songs

The Sailors' Dance, F♭ and F—J. L. Molloy..... 50c
When the Lights are Low, F, G, Ab, Bb—G. M. Lane.. 50c
Off to Philadelphia (humorous), baritone—B. Hayne.. 50c

Of all Music Dealers or mailed free on receipt of marked price by

Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Association,
13 Richmond Street West, Toronto.

The libretto of Gilbert & Sullivan's new opera "The Gondoliers," is now ready.

DIAMOND RINGS---SPECIAL PRICES

$12, $14, $16, $18 and $20

There rings are 14 karat gold, single stones, white and very brilliant. Cut a paper the size of your finger and send with your order. The above prices for the next two weeks only.

E. BEETON, High Grade Watch Specialist
Opp. Post Office, Toronto

WINTER RATES

NOW IN FORCE FOR ALL

Trans-Atlantic and Southern Passages

BARLOW CUMBERLAND, 72 Yonge St., Toronto.

FULL DRESS SHIRTS

Gentlemen requiring a full dress shirt and not having time to order, can always find a full assortment of sizes with us. We carry in stock at $1.50, $1.75, $2 and $2.25 each, and can recommend the fit and excellent laundry work, the latter we pay special attention to.

Fawke's White and Lavender Kid Gloves

In various styles. Also

White and Colored Evening Bows, Ties, Etc.

All the very latest novelties in

English and American Collars and Cuffs

In stock.

WHEATON & CO.

17 King St. West, cor. Jordan

THE RECOGNIZED STANDARD BRANDS OF CIGARS

MUNGO - - - 5c.
CABLE - - - - 5c.
EL PADRE - - 10c.
AND
MADRE E HIJO 10 & 15c.

THE BEST VALUE.
THE SAFEST SMOKE.
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The Purest of the Pure.

NO CHEMICALS.
NO ARTIFICIAL FLAVORING.
THE BEST VALUE.

MISS M. MORRISON

41 KING STREET WEST

Having now returned from New York, is prepared to show a large and choice assortment of

MILLINERY NOVELTIES,
NEW VEILINGS, Etc.

Special attention has been given to the Dressmaking Department, which is complete with a select stock of Dress Goods and Dress Trimmings.

MISSES E. & H. JOHNSTON

122 KING STREET WEST,
OPPOSITE THE ROSSIN HOUSE,

Miss Johnston has returned from Paris, London and New York with a full line of

Novelty Dress Goods and Trimmings

DISPLAY OF

PATTERN HATS AND BONNETS

These goods are now being opened.

THE FINEST DIAMOND RING
Ever offered in the Dominion for $20. Sent by registered post to any address in Canada on receipt of price and size; which includes a handsome box. Address J. FRED WOLTZ, Diamond Broker, 41 Colborne street, Toronto, Canada.

HAREM

(Not the Sultan's)

CIGARETTES

YILDIZ

CIGARETTES

The Finest Turkish Cigarettes
IN THE MARKET.

TRY THEM

Fashion Chatter.

DEAR MOLLIE,—Christmas is over, past and gone. We've discussed turkey and been amused, in many instances, by the odd child-questions regarding dear old Saint Nicholas.

Now just as soon as the holidays are over we will turn our thoughts to summer, and dream of yachting suits and tennis shoes—in the feminine gender.

I do hope that full skirts and round waists and large sleeves will continue to live in the hearts of womankind. They are so artistic, so comfortable and so simple. Their quaintness and the almost invariable suggestion of grandmother's girlhood add to their many other reasons for being.

This morning a man, actually a man—one of those beings who are supposed to look upon fashions (in women's dress) as something too frivolous for contemplation—called my attention to the fact that the German empress had appeared at a court ball with her hair dressed *a la Gretchen* in two long hanging braids, and that possibly this fact would affect the style of *coiffure* all over the world.

How I wish it would! Wouldn't it be delightful, Mollie, to shake two braids behind us, everytime we said no! Just think of two nice long plaits with a curl on the ends. Oh, dear! It must be nice to be a German empress and dress one's hair *a la pigtail*, if one so desires!

A pretty gold bangle is formed of the letters MDCCCLXXXIX, fastened together. At least if you have one made this week or next, before January 1, it will bear those letters, if not I expect it must be 1890.

They are very pretty, and, too, very fashionable, for just at present Dame Fashion fancies freaks; and the most original piece of jewelry will gain a smile from her, nowadays.

Sometimes instead of the Roman numerals the letters of one's name are used, and that fashion is carried out, as I think I mentioned some time ago, in lace pins.

The styles in mantles remain nearly the same as the autumn ones, for the protracted mild weather favors that very excusable fashion of wearing light coats.

My theory is, and always has been, that many women carry too much clothing to be able to keep warm by exercise. A woman who pants and puffs in a hurried walk, is either decidedly in need of medical aid, or weighed down with unnecessary wearing apparel.

Feathers and fur—fur and feathers. The inversion is the only way to speak in a different way of the fashionable trimmings. They are so pretty too—soft dark furs, and curling plumes.

Fancy work will have a wee rest now. The fingers which have been so very busy of late will idle a little, while the rips in gloves and the frills for the dresses will receive their measure of attention.

A fashion, convenient, economical and dainty in its neatness, is the wearing of pretty delicately-tinted silk mittens over the light evening gloves on the journey to and from theater or ball-room. One touch of a dark cloak will leave a sombre shade on the pale gloves and then—beauty has gone from them.

The bodices of wedding gowns are made, by a fashionable London dressmaker, of kid. Fancy the delight of being sure—quite sure—that one's dress fits "like a glove."

The experiment, if proving entirely successful, will, no doubt, end in our wearing kid dress waists, with empire skirts and full sleeves of silk, satin or woolen goods. Think, Mollie, of wearing a black kid basque, and having some one go over us with glycerine, or shoe polish, to conceal the ravages of time or raindrops.

A ball dress which attracted a great deal of attention at a recent festive gathering was of brownish green and yellow tulle, trimmed with pale yellow roses and their leaves of brownish-green. The effect was very, very good, the tints blending with the artistic truthfulness of nature, and making the brown-haired wearer a center of attraction.

Leather shopping bags are being carried again by a larger number than have dared to use them of late. They are so convenient, and will carry with so good a grace all the little requisites, that it does seem a kind wind that blows them again into popular favor.

Etching in fancy work, etchings in frames, pretty oxydized frames, and etching on gold and silver are—shall I say—the rage.

Favorite quotations, too, have much favor in the decorating of Mademoiselle's trinkets. They dangle from her chatelaine, quaintly carved on bon-bon box, or scissors shield; they preach at one from her calendar; they shine on their gold background on her dainty wrists or gleam from her throat. Verily the girl of today repeats sage sayings enough to make her wise, kind, truthful, charitable and loving, if it only might be that she "hid them in her heart."

Your sincere friend,
CLIP CAREW.

Church Talks.

Elm street church held a small gathering on a recent Sunday morning, a state of affairs which is a little unusual. There were, however, strong attractions elsewhere, and many of the accustomed faces were absent.

The church itself gives one a feeling of welcome. It is comfortable and substantial in its furnishing, while the music is exceedingly good. Rev. Mr. Sutherland's discourse on this occasion was on Job's manifold troubles. I've always liked to think of Job. I admire his resolution and his unwavering faith; and somehow I have even taken a grim satisfaction in reading of his friends. They seem so really friends; and I fall to thinking that friendship runs, very often, in the old beaten track. Somehow the same traits of character will show themselves in our century, and the identical snowball style of comfort is hurled at misery nowadays. The man or woman who says, "I told you so," should be imprisoned and fed on cold potatoes for a month or so, and then given a chance to settle a friendship on a better basis and not reprove misfortune.

Mr. Sutherland made one point which I liked exceedingly well. He said that Job's friends were afraid to sympathize thoroughly with him lest they should appear to reproach God who had allowed the sorrow to come upon him.

That feeling he said was a grand mistake: People should not fancy that God couldn't take care of himself, and that he needed human aid to sustain his reputation for justice.

I looked about me and recognized thoughtfulness and interest on almost every face.

A sober-visaged man with a grizzled beard and humid brown eyes, sat with tilted chin and folded arms. His look of rapt attention assured me that there was something especially for him in that word-painted life of the patient man.

Near him was a lad of probably fourteen years. His smooth boyish face showed nothing beyond interest, for there were no lines, no shadows, no gray hairs to mark the march of care and time.

An old lady richly dressed and wearing dark glossy furs listened with evident pleasure to the earnest words. When, in a prayer, the minister had petitioned for the bereaved, the suffering and the destitute, a tear slipped out from behind her half-closed eyelid, and trickled down her seamed and ivory tinted face.

Business men with furrows on their brows and around their eyes and mouths, heard the story of Job with varying degrees of attention.

Young girls there were too, some simply dressed, some in costly gowns. Many with bright care-free faces, listened half-wearily, and the more thoughtful, with signs of awakened interest.

As my eyes roved among the worshippers, I could not help feeling that the lesson was going home. The tale of suffering and wretchedness, met with such heroic faith, called out shame with her crimson battalions, and with flushed cheeks we thought with self reproach of the little troubles we had qualled at, and were humiliated at our weakness.

The old lesson of faith is a hard one to learn.

Without faith in God's Providence we cry with the pain of our stumbles, and say no one cares for us—God has forgotten us. With it we accept sorrow. We rise above it and bear it, not as a curse, but as a lesson. The very sunbeams shone more brightly as we compared our lives with Job's.

They danced through the colored glass, and flashed across the upturned faces, trembled and fled.

A flood of yellow light streamed upon the white head of an old man; then passing, rested a moment on a crepe bonnet.

I followed the lightsome sprite and watched it paint the sombre hues till they partook of its mellow brightness. Just then it pleased me. The sunbeam represented to my mind nothing so much as the faith which changes the dark place and cares of life into, at least, twilight and bearable burdens.

I followed it into a corner, and then the church itself claimed my attention.

How different churches are, to be sure!

In some one feels as if ice-bergs were built in the walls, and the sticks that had been frozen with them were left in the pews.

Elm street church isn't like that—not in the least.

It is comfortable, and the atmosphere is welcoming.

Even the well-dressed dignitaries, who methodically and quietly receive the contributions, are invested with somewhat of a good-natured glad-to-see-you-and-come-again air, which acts like a lode-stone, on future Sunday mornings.

EYELKA.

He Drinks.

For Saturday Night:

He's young and clever, hardly ever
Do you meet a man so wisty,
Well bred, too, and well-to-do;
All must own it's such a pity
That he drinks.

The personal grace, the handsome face,
The *savoire faire* of our young friend
Take hearts by storm; a subtle charm
With every action seems to blend,
Though he drinks.

His course at college, and love of knowledge,
Pressed still greater things to come.
He was gold medalist, prize essayist,
Won scholarships *ad libitum*,
Yet he drinks.

His cultured mind is full inclined
To subjects grave and scientific;
Others with reason in paths like these
Gain fame with talents less prolific,
But he drinks.

On social calls, receptions, balls,
At Homes, etc., he attends;
No talk more bright, no step more light,
This to a hostess makes amends
If he drinks.

He sings divinely, sketches finely,
Excels in every manly sport,
Can act, recite, love sonnets write,
Or articles of deep import.
Still he drinks.

The time of year is nearly here
He'll take the annual solemn oath
Regarding beer and whisky clear
In future to abstain from both.
Farewell drink!

Of course we know that ere the snow
Is melted by the vernal rain,
We'll hear with pain the sad refrain,
"Crichton has been drunk again."
Alas, he drinks!

G. MYRON MACBRIDE.

A Curious Calculation.

Suppose that some one of our ancestors, at the commencement of the Christian era, had been so provident as to leave one of those now thirty years of age one cent, to accumulate at the rate of six per cent. per annum, compound interest, until the birth of that one, how many dollars would that person receive, and where would he find room enough to store away its value in gold?

Money at six per cent. per annum, compound interest, doubles itself in a trifle less than twelve years. For the sake of convenience, and to keep within the limits of this calculation, we will say twelve years. Then the principal, one cent, will be doubled one hundred and fifty-five times in eighteen hundred and sixty years. The increase is found, by laborious computation, to reach the enormous sum of four hundred and fifty-six tredecillions of dollars, an amount so inconceivably great as to require for its expression a line of forty-five places of figures.

Being quite certain that all the gold brought from the land of Ophir, in the days of Solomon, all the Pactolean streams that ever enriched a Crœsus, all the wealth of Plutus's mine, all the gold ever seen by mortal eye, all the hidden treasure yet to be discovered, will be but a drop in the ocean, in comparison with this vast sum, let us try to form some idea of the quantity of gold required, by borrowing the philosopher's stone, and changing the whole world into one solid mass of virgin gold, and then see if we should have enough for our purpose.

Estimating pure gold to be worth sixteen dollars an ounce, a moderate estimation in these days of speculation and high premiums, a cubic foot of the precious metal will be worth $260 000. This fact being ascertained, the value of any given quantity of gold may readily be computed, and the world is found to be worth 10,700 septillions of dollars, a sum requiring twenty nine places of figures. If the reader will now compare the value of our golden globe with the amount of interest derived from the insignificant little cent, he will find that 42,420 billions of golden worlds will be necessary to satisfy our demand.

The Locality of His Disease.

"Where do you feel worst, Jonny?"
"In your office."

Two Kinds of Protectors.

"How about the hip pocket?" inquired the tailor.

"I want it large enough for a pocket pistol," said the customer.

"Yes, sir; Kentucky, sir, or Maine?"

Not Good Poetry, But Facts.

Buy it; try it. Try it; buy it. Best in the world, and nothing comes nigh it. Nonsuch Stove Polish makes no dust. *Ditto—ditto—ditto*—covers the rust. Easily applied. An unequalled shine. And use *Mirror*. Varnish *whenever you climb* up on a step ladder to varnish your stove pipes.

Afternoon Receptions.

The distinguishing difference between morning (or business) and afternoon dress lies mainly in the delicacy of the accompaniments to the garments worn rather than in any radical difference in the clothes that a man of taste dons in the afternoon. A lady not so many years ago wrote that she found to her surprise that the most expensive clothes, the most absolute compliance with the cut and shape in vogue, was not enough when she began to go into Washington society. There must be added style! And herein lies the difference between the man of taste and the man who conventionally follows merely the prevailing novelties. The man of taste will go home after bank hours, and in preparing himself for an afternoon reception will change his clothes from boots to hat. He will put on this season's pantaloons shading on a dark steel or stone color. The coat must be of dark cloth, the plain rough Saxony or Vicuna cloth, or one of the new wide wale diagonals, a cutaway with three or four buttons cut rather low in the neck with vest cut as low, allowing ample space for the knot of a four-in-hand scarf. The overcoat should be of dark material, matching as near as possible the under cutaway coat. It may be worn with a facing according to the fancy of the wearer. The fashionable West End Tailor having just received an excellent consignment of these goods would invite your early inspection. Henry A. Taylor, No. 1 Rossin House Block.

ROSENBAUM'S BAZAAR
159 King Street East---the Market
Is now ready for visitors to inspect the
CHRISTMAS GOODS
OUR KID BODY DOLLS
With Unbreakable Heads, Shoes, 8½c Stockings, Gloves, &c., at 25c. are selling very fast.
No Trouble to Show Goods

Armson & Stone.
PRESENTS
15c. to $6 each buys an elegantly hand embroidered Irish Linen Handkerchief
15c. to $1.25—Silk Handkerchiefs in great variety.
25½c. only a 2 Fancy Handkerchiefs in a box.
42½c. buys 3 Fine Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs in a box.
75c., 85c. and $1.25 buys one-half doz. Handkerchiefs in handsome boxes.
$3 to $10 buys a good Dress.
Fur Muffs and New Victoria Collars from $1.25 to $15 each.
Boas of All Kinds
Jackets, Mantles and Silks for Useful Presents

XMAS
TOILET NOVELTIES
AND
PERFUMES
Bingham's Pharmacy
100 Yonge St.

Fred Armstrong
Plumber & Gasfitter
235 Queen St West

W. A. MURRAY & CO.
Are now showing the Finest Stock of FIRST-CLASS DRY GOODS ever shown retail in the Dominion. Although our Sales for October were the largest we have ever had, still our stock is too large, and with a view of largely reducing the same,
WONDERFUL BARGAINS
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Richard Pendle's Christmas Eve.

By ELIZABETH CLASTON.

CHAPTER I.

A large, old-fashioned country kitchen, a bright fire on which a huge log of wood crackles bravely, sending up many-coloured flames and throwing dancing shadows on the white walls and raftered ceiling. A corner cupboard shows some fine old china; several engravings, neatly framed, hang on the walls, and the furniture is solid and good. The crimson curtains, hanging from the wide, latticed window, are yet undrawn, though the moon is shining down from a pale frosty sky on a white world. It is a picture of winter weather without and winter comfort within.

On the right of the fire, seated in a large armchair, is Richard Pendle, village carpenter and well-to-do owner of the house. A tall old man with a stoop of the shoulders, which has visibly increased during the last few months. His stern, handsome face has a worn and troubled look, notwithstanding the comfort of his surroundings. Yet he looks what he is—a self-reliant man; not likely to consult others as to his own actions, not likely to show much sympathy to others in regard to their faults or failings.

On the opposite side of the fireplace, in a similar chair, sits old Mr. Robson, retired baker. A trim little man, with a shrewd face, a kindly blue eye and a Duke of Wellington nose. He has been old Pendle's chum and crony for many a long year. No two men could differ more, yet they are none the worse friends for that. Thomas Robson leans well forward in his chair, and all the time, whether silent or talking, his fingers are busy with four knitting needles and some gray yarn which is gradually taking the form of a little sock.

Rather farther from the fire, also knitting, sits Mrs. Pendle, Richard's second wife—a comely woman, with a good natured, but not over wise face. She is at least twenty years younger than her husband, and her whole manner shows the respect in which she holds him, mingled with not a little fear of the opinions which he is apt to express somewhat too strongly.

The table is spread for tea and further graced by a substantial piece of boiled beef. The kettle is sending forth puffs of steam and singing merrily. Company is evidently expected.

"Why, neighbor, you're dead beat," says old Mr. Robson, as Pendle's head fell forward and he caught it up with a jerk.

"Aye, that I am," was the answer. "Breaking fast, breaking fast."

"Now, father, don't talk in that way," said his wife, "you've been working of late just as if you'd been only half your age. Why, Mr. Robson, he was a 'that job up at the Hall till twelve o'clock last night, and at it again first thing this morning. It's too much, air, when a man's turned seventy-five, and so I tell him."

"You can't expect to go on in that way, old fellow," Robson responded. "Why don't you give up business as I've done? It isn't as if you hadn't the means."

As the old man's eyes were closed and he did not speak, his wife replied for him in a whisper: "I wish he'd take your advice, Mr. Robson, sir; but the fact is, he's terrible put about today with that letter, and expecting Jessie. You know he never lets out what he feels, and that makes it on we worse for him, poor dear, I hope he won't be hard on the poor lass!"

"Who won't be hard, Mrs. Pendle?" said Richard, sitting bold upright and regarding her steadily.

Mrs. Pendle looked guilty and made no reply. Presently she stirred the fire, gazed out of the window, and sighed.

"Now wife, I know what you are worriting about!" her husband exclaimed, irritably, "you're wishing you'd spoiled my son by fond fool, to the station. She's all right, depend upon it; and will be better taken care of than she deserves. It wish I could learn to feel she's not going to be coddled by them she's disobeyed and deceived. Them as do wrong ought to be punished, say I, or the world 'ud be crammed with knaves and fools."

"Justice is a fine virtue, Richard," old Robson remarked, looking up from his stocking; "but for my part I like mercy better. One feels so much more comfortable after one's practiced it. Besides, when the Day o' Judgment comes, we shall none of us be turned out books that square, I reckon, as to be satisfied to abide by what's set down. It's God's mercy we shall be wanting then, neighbor."

"Why, I never felt so much put out with myself before or since," the old man went on, after a moment's silence, "as I did when I had poor Ann Myat up for stealing that quarterin loaf. Folks said it was my dooty and wouldn't leave me alone. And then it came out that she and the children were starving."

"I'm sure you've squared that account," Mrs. Pendle rejoined. "She's a poor feckless thing, make the best of her; and you've well nigh kept her and the youngsters ever since. I guess them socks are going that way. You're always doing something for somebody. Mr. Robson."

The old man looked up with a pleasant smile. Perhaps he was thinking of tiny little silver coins he had been bringing home for little friends, or of the savory mincepies, made that morning by her own experienced hands, all destined to give a taste of Christmas to those who could not get it elsewhere. Yes, old Thomas Robson was laying up a good reckoning for himself somewhere. Faults he had, of course. Where can poor human nature be found without them! But he was a God-fearing man—with a heart full of kindly thoughts, followed by kindly words and deeds. With a large measure did old Thomas mete—there is a promise that, overflowing, such will be returned again.

"Don't be hard on Jessie, neighbor," he went on. "To forgive and forget, makes a blessed Christmas. Besides, poor lass! I do not suppose she could exactly help falling in love with a fine young fellow like John—and I'm sure he may be forgiven for falling in love with her, the brightest and prettiest lass in the village. You're had a weakness for a pretty face, Richard—begging Mrs. Pendle's pardon—and bless you, I was once head and ears in love myself."

"Lor! Now, were you, sir?" exclaimed Mrs. Pendle. "Do let's hear about it."

"Well, Marm, it was when I was first setting up for myself in business, and times went somehow badly to look after the house. She was an uncommon fine young woman, too, a few years older than myself. Her father was in the hardware line, and she held up her head very high. At last I screwed up my courage and popped the question. 'I'm obliged to you, Mr. Thomas,' says she, 'but I can't quite lower myself to the baking business. I hope you'll prosper and find a suitable partner in your own sphere.' Well, Marm, I was fool enough to feel quite broken-hearted about it; but in time I got over it. It put such a damper on me, though, that I've never made another offer."

"Well, I never!" said Mrs. Pendle, highly interested.

"That wasn't all, Marm. She got married, but not over comfortable. I lost sight of her for nigh twenty years, when she turned up again. One day a lady in weeds come into the shop, and said she wanted to speak to me private and confidential. I didn't know who it was at first, but when she told me her maiden name I asked her into the parlor. She told me she was a widder, without incumbrances; and, 'Thomas,' says she, looking very sweet—I was in a large way of business then, you know—'Thomas, if you're inclined to renoo the offer you once made me, I sha'n't say no again; for I have learned to honor an upright man.' She was rather a fine figure of a woman then, but rather too fleshy. However, I was too old a bird to be caught with chaff. So I gave her to understand, Marm, that I'd made up my mind to a single life. She took a glass o' two of currant wine and said, 'Good mornin'.' That's my love story," concluded the old man, with a chuckle.

CHAPTER II.

Richard Pendle had ceased to listen to the murmured conversation, his eyes were closed, but his thoughts were busy. Struck by his old friend's words, he was reviewing the past partly with regard to his conduct to his father, partly to justify the course he had already taken. Far, far back went the old man's thoughts, first one old familiar face coming to life again, and then other. Again he saw, moving about the room, his first wife, the choice of his youth—the pretty, bright young creature who had filled the old house with sunshine. A tiny round thing was toddling by her side. He kept, locked up in his desk, one of the shoes that little thing had worn, but he never let any one see it, for he was one of those men who are ashamed of possessing a heart. Then came a time when the sunshine was gone. He saw himself, still a young man, sitting by a lonely fireside, with the first sign of the stoop in his shoulders. Not, however, quite lonely, for a little girl, in a black frock, was playing, very quietly, with a kitten, in the chimney corner.

We will very briefly pass over the workings of the old man's memory. The pretty, little daughter, grown up—married without his consent—very soon a widow, broken in spirits and health. The opening of the grave in the churchyard where she was laid beside her mother, and the little grandchild left to the second Mrs. Pendle's care, which was always lovingly given. The stern way in which he, now a morose and soured man, had done what he considered his duty towards the child, whom, in his heart, he loved. Some fresh logs had been thrown. A hand was on his shoulder, and the voice of his old friend in his ear.

"Why, Richard, you have been nodding; but the Waits woke you up at last. Come! shake yourself, and see who's here."

The old man sat up, hardly knowing whether he was asleep or awake; and though he saw several figures round him, feeling too much dazed to recognize them.

In Mr. Robson's chair sat Jessie, and, kneeling by her side, chafing her hands, was her husband. They were thin little hands enough; but there was life in them.

Almost in the fire sat Mrs. Pendle, with a bundle of flannel in her arms, which she rocked to and fro, and from which proceeded sundry gurgles and grunts.

At last, Jessie rose feebly, and holding John fast by the hand, crossed over to her grandfather.

"I don'll forgive us now, grandfather, won't you? I have had so much trouble, and we're sorry we vexed you—aren't we, John?"

"Oh, my poor lass! But how did you get here!" he asked, rubbing his eyes.

"Why, by the carrier, of course, grandfather. And John was there to meet me. He only came on shore yesterday. I'd written to Aunt and told her I was coming. They didn't know how sick I had been, and sent to the workhouse. I was out of my mind, grandfather"—and Jessie broke off with a sob.

"Hush, hush, child—don't cry. Just wait a bit, and I'll be as much pleased as I very bad dream. I can't get things quite square yet. Is that the young un? It's alive and all right, is it?"

"Yes, sir," exclaimed Jessie, hastily opening a chink of the flannel to assure herself of the fact. "To be sure it is—bless its heart!"

"And the very moral of you, Richard," said Mrs. Pendle.

The old man was silent for a few moments. Then he rose from his chair, kissed Jessie, and held out his hand to John, saying:

"I'm a man of few words, John Lane," he said. "They don't come easy to me. What I want you to understand is this: I'd rather, on all, this good Christmas time, to let bygones be bygones. I've been thinking over what you said, Robson, and you're right. To forgive and forget makes a blessed Christmas. You, John and Jessie, must stay here till you've got your bits of things together. Maybe I can make matters easy that way. Leastways, I'm mean a poor time without you, Jessie, my lass. God bless you both and the youngster too.

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column," SATURDAY NIGHT Office.]

MARCHAS—See answer to "Dutchie."

SCOT.—Care, order and perseverance.

DUTCHIE.—Eccentric, quick-tempered, generous and sensitive.

BELL, Brockville.—Unpresuming, sensitive, original and thoughtful.

MUGGINS.—Impulsive, energetic, persevering and a voluble talker.

HERMIONE, Brantford.—Witty, generous, impulsive and high-spirited.

ALEXIS.—Caution, thoughtfulness, and much kindness of heart are shown here.

MICKEY FREE, Mimico.—Impressionable, easy-going, self-esteeming and generous.

ANXIETY NO. 2.—See above. Writing denotes suspicion, and love of admiration.

LETTIE.—Wilful, determined, light-hearted, prone to exaggeration and fond of flattery.

I. E. Tendered with shovels.—Decisive, practical, self-reliant yet susceptible to flattery.

HARRY.—Writing denotes good temper, a merry disposition, and a mixture of character and self-esteem.

FRANKIE.—Erratic, lively in disposition, quick at repartee, and the possessor of a temper all your own.

MAYS, Ottawa.—Fond of luxury and display, very generous, energetic and disposed to be original in conversation.

SMALLMAN, Montreal.—Your writing denotes the possession of unlimited push, a tendency to joking, and fondness for flattery.

FLORENCE F.—Even-tempered, decided in action, fond of admiration, orderly and possessing a double extract of spirits of mischief.

LAURA.—Your writing shows self-esteem, independence, easy-going disposition, some selfishness and susceptibility to influence of friends.

NORMA, Ottawa.—If a girl is engaged to be married to a man, he should be her escort to all places of amusement, unless unexceptionable circumstances.

DEMODOCUS.—Precision, self-esteem, determination are denoted by your writing. Tee enclosed shows: Fondness for luxury and admiration, generosity and impulsiveness.

MACK.—Susceptibility to flattery, tendency to flirtation, self-reliance and determination are here shown. 2. Yes, by virtue of the last two qualities. Selfishness is not marked strongly, but we are all selfish to a certain extent.

WHO WAS TO BLAME.—Judgment—fairly good. You are attractive to strangers but reserved, and show your real self only to your friends. It would be impossible to say, but in all probability you would perform creditably if not with genius.

MEIKA.—Many thanks for your expressions of confidence. Your writing denotes "cheer and hope," a good generous humor, selfishness, carelessness, fondness for flattery, enthusiasm in undertakings, and a decided fondness for the society of—lacies.

ANXIETY NO. 1.—Jealousy, prudence and determination. As to the proper age for a girl to marry, opinions differ. Some girls must marry before twenty, others after. The handsome ones may wait longer. The proper time is when you heart and head agree that there is just one almost perfect person in the world.

LUCILLA.—You speak of being married in a very hallhearted way. If you are not perfectly sure that John Anderson my Jo, John, is the one person in the world who would make you happy, I strongly advise you to earn your own independence. Your writing denotes a strong, firm writing denotes perseverance and frankness. You are obstinate when thwarted, yet yield to the persuasions of those for whom you entertain respect or regard.

HANNAH L. Whitby.—Writing denotes patience, order, self-reliance and practicability. If a man is too bashful to propose, Hannah, he is scarcely worth your regard. At any rate let him do it—life not long year. As to the next question, it is decidedly improper to do so. Your friend has given me no name so I shall answer her here. The writing shows amiability, generosity and caution. A man who kissed a girl when he has no right to do so, is disrespectful, and disrespect has no place in true friendship. You may use a ring and then they will do duty more than once.

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In ordering mention this publication.

The Destroyer of Herculaneum.

Mount Vesuvius, during the past year, has continued its moderately eruptive activity, which began the month of December, 1875. There were various emissions of small lava streams, which did not reach further than the base of the cone. An additional cone was gradually formed, caused by the activity of the motive power of the crater, which, towards the end of the year, had reached a height of 328 feet above its original level. On various occasions the detonations and the red-hot projectiles thrown up with the large quantities of smoke indicated great eruptive power. During the whole year no ashes were thrown up, and consequently the crops in the surrounding country were not destroyed. All the lava streams that issue during the year flowed towards the eastern slopes of the mountain.

Where The Buffalo Flourishes.

It is interesting to read of a part of the world where the buffalo is not dying out, but increasing in numbers. A journal of Perth, in Western Australia, says that few Australians are aware that certain parts of North Australia are well stocked with the wild buffalo carousing over its plains and wallowing in its shady pools. The Sydney *Mail* states that the animals are massive and heavy, with splendid horns, and afford sport of a sufficiently dangerous nature to possess charms for the most daring hunter, a wounded buffalo being one of the most dangerous animals known, his great weight, prominent horns, and splendid courage, making him a formidable foe. The first buffaloes were landed at Port Essington, North Australia, about the year 1829.

Clorinda's Red Shoes.

Wish Spanish instep, arched and high,
And Louis Quinze heel higher,
Beneath her black tulle gown they fly,
Like fleeting flecks of fire.

Glimpses of gaudy silken hose
O'er dainty ankle stretching
In dinging, crimson chorus, disclose
A total ensemble fetching.

When fair Clorinda first came out,
A timid *ingenue*,
Her shoes, they say, at ball or rout,
Were snowy white in hue.

Ah, cruel one! whence gained they then
That sanguinary shade?
From dancing over the hearts of men
That at thy feet were laid.—*Time.*

The Fashion of Fainting.

The fashion of fainting, like that of sloping shoulders, is a thing of the past. It had a long life, however, and for centuries the fainting heroine ruled the heart of men. It was the correct thing for women to be weak and limp, fragile, and a slave to hysterics. Now these qualities are at a discount, and she who would win a man's admiration must be robust and energetic, self-contained, elastic, and, in a word, healthy.

What persistent fainters were the Evelinas, and the Laurras, and the Clarissas who delighted our grandfathers and melted our grandmothers to tears! Swoon was written on every page and was the climax to every scene.

It was the same in the playhouse and even Shakespeare was not free from the weakness of adding to the charms of his heroines the feminine trick of fainting. Hermia on awakening in the woods calls out for Lysander, and when he does not reply declares she "swoons with fear." Celia in the forest of Arden says: "I faint almost to death," and when Rosalind is shown the bloody napkin she swoons. So does the Queen when Hamlet is pricked by the rapier of Laertes; while Philip Faulconbridge (in King John) bids Hubert tell his news, however bad it may be, saying, "I'm no woman; I'll not swoon at it."

The heroine's repository, however, of fainting heroines was in the works of such sentimental novelists as Frances Burney (Madame D'Arblay), Mrs. Inchbald, Charlotte Smith, Ann Radcliffe, Miss Opie, and Mrs. Brunton. The Emmelines, Ethelindas, Cecilias, Camillas, Geraldines, and Celestinas of these writers are the pioneers of fainters in history. They fainted on all convenient and inconvenient occasions; at the least hint of anything that touched their tender sensibilities; at a moment's notice, or without a moment's notice; and the oftener they fainted the more charming they were. Not only was this fainting employed to enlist the reader's sympathies, it was also used as the sure and certain means of bringing the hero into the toils, and after the first fainting fit described the reader felt sure that the altar, as the winning post, was in sight.

In those days women of the fair, fragile and fainting type were as common in real life as in fiction. Fainting was then one of the great resources of the gentle sex, and it was resorted to in the firm conviction that it had a telling effect on the sex which has always been gratified to call itself the stronger. Men adored helplessness in women, and the women gave man the full measure of this adoration. The feebler the woman the more adorable was she. Good health was considered vulgar, strong nerves still more so, and a strong mind the most vulgar thing of all. It was the fashion to be delicate and pale, and no woman could expect to be interesting who was expected to live long.

The fainting frenzy was used in the unreal life of that time as a regular form of courtship as much as it was in the pages of sickly romance. Swooning at an opportune moment was one of the most effective methods of storming the masculine heart, and no man could long remain cold to the artful damsel who understood the art of gracefully losing consciousness.

One comical result of all this swooning and syncope was the growth of the "carrier out." Men studied to excel in the delicious duty of resuscitating the dear limp creatures who in the same assiduity that the fellows of the present time practice lawn tennis or rack their brains over new figures for the "german." He who would make a name for himself amongst the Evelinas and Priscillas had but one way to achieve that social distinction. It was peremptory that he should always be conveniently near when the fair charmer lost her balance, and it was upon the grace and dexterity with which he caught her ere she reached the floor or when her after care of the fainting fair bravely off the scene that his success depended. The man who did attain that success secured a fame that went ahead of him, while damsels fainted along his line of march for the very honor of it; his own sex envied him, and the other gave him their worship.

To-day one seeks for his companion a good walker as well as a good talker; a playfellow and a reasoner; a combination of feminine graces and manly attitudes. Moreover, he has no difficulty in finding her, and he is all the better, and his children are all the better, for the new order of things. Hysteria and vinaigrettes are dead, and it is to be hoped they will never be resurrected.

She Made a Mistake.

A certain married lady sat up till 12 o'clock one night last week waiting for her husband to come home from the club. At last, weary and worn out with her long waiting, she went to her bed-room to retire, and there found the missing husband sound asleep. Instead of going to the club he had gone to his room, and never left the house. Such are the troubles some poor married women have to contend with in this life.

What Rapid Eating Did For Napoleon.

Napoleon was a very fast eater. At a grand concert at the Tuileries, from the moment he and his guests sat down, till the coffee was served, not more than forty-three or four minutes elapsed. They were then bowed out.

With Napoleon, the moment appetite was felt, it was necessary that it should be satisfied; and his establishment was so arranged that in all places, and at all hours, chicken, cutlets, and coffee might be forthcoming at a word. This habit of eating fast and carelessly is supposed to have paralyzed Napoleon on two of the most critical events of his life—the battles of Leipzig and Leipsic, which he might have converted in decisive and influential victories by pushing his advantages as he was wont.

On each of these occasions he is known to have been suffering from indigestion. On the third day of Dresden, too, the German novelist, Hoffman, who was present in the town, asserts that the Emperor would have done much more than he did but for the effects of a shoulder of mutton stuffed with poisons.

Didn't Think He Could.

"Do you think that I could ever"—here his voice faltered and a sudden emotion seemed to swallow his words.

"Could ever what, George?"

"That I could ever—"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you think that I could ever get used to your father's ways?"

"Just then there was a dim rattling in the furnace room, the gas flickered glimmeringly and almost went out, then flared up again, as if someone were tampering with the meter while dire dismal words came through the register.

She let a little sob escape her and replied:

"No, George, I don't think you ever could."—*Merchant Traveler.*

Distant Relationship.

Stranger—I notice your name is De Million. Are you related to the wealthy De Millions, of New York?"

Poor but respectable De Million—I am a—a distant relation, sir."

"Indeed! How distant?"

"Well, sir, as distant as they can keep me sir."

Beth's Memorial Stocking.

"Say, mother!" and Mollie tugged gently at a fold of her mother's dress to attract her attention. "Did you see that beau-ti-ful memorial window that the Staceys have had put into the church for their little girl who died last year?"

They were in the church porch as the child spoke, but her mother made no reply until they had walked some distance down the street, and then her words were few and hesitatingly spoken.

"Yes, I saw it."

"And," persisted Mollie, who was evidently a good deal exercised upon the subject, "the superintendent spoke of it in Sunday school, and said that the window was placed there by the parents of our lost fellow-pupil to be a constant reminder of her lovely life among us."

Still Mrs. Mason made no comment, and, after a short pause, Mollie went on in blunt, childish fashion:

"But she didn't lead a lovely life, if he did yso. All the girls in her class just hated the ght of her, she was so proud and ugly. I saw them nudge each other when Mr. Hale said that, and her teacher's face was just as red as fire. She remembered how saucy and pert she used to be, and—"

"There, there, dear, that will do!"

Mrs. Mason spoke kindly but with decision. "Let the child's faults be buried with her. It s an ungenerous thing to accuse those who cannot speak for themselves, and to those who oved her she was lovely, of course."

Mollie made a wry face, which her mother was too wise to see, and as the two walked slowly homeward, Mrs. Mason tried to divert the little girl's mind from the subject of her dead mate's imperfections by describing for her benefit another "memorial" that she had seen n a visit to the City Hospital a few days before.

This was a "free bed," contributed by the bereaved parents of another little blue-eyed one, and Mollie listened with glistening eyes to the story of the little street boy who had been run over by a heavy dray, and had both legs broken.

"And there he lay," she said, her own kind eyes full of tender tears, "his little, white, pinched face bright with a contented smile, and his feeble hands toying with a few rose geranium leaves that some kind visitor had dropped on the coverlid for him, so cheerful and happy that I wondered at him.

"I asked him if he was comfortable, and you should have seen his pale face light up and heard him pipe, in his thin, shrill voice:

"'Comfirtable, is it, ma'am? Why, it's jist hivin itself, afther the dirt an' the coold an' the hoonger an' the batin's. Faith, an' it's weel paid I am fr the loss o' me two spindle liges!'

"And he laughed aloud, such a merry little cackle that I really forgot for the moment that he was a helpless, bedridden cripple for life, and only thought of him as a petted child, lying in state in a soft, white, clean bed, tended and cared for as tenderly as if he had been the heir to a dukedom."

"What a beautiful memorial!" cried Mollie, with childish delight.

Her mother nodded approvingly. "Yes, it was a beautiful thought, and the fund that supports that bed is called by the dead child's name, the 'Ida Lewis Fund,' so every sick and suffering one who is comforted and nursed back to health in that bed will bless the name of the giver, whom they can never thank on earth."

Mollie was silent for a little time, and then she said, softly, while a great tear rolled down her cheek and dropped unheeded into the soft fur of her tippet: "How I wish we could have a 'memorial' like that for our little Beth!"

The mother's lip quivered, and for a moment she could not control her voice to reply to the child's suggestion. Little Beth had gone to heaven only a few short months ago, and the wound in her mother's breast was yet too sensitive to bear, without shrinking, the tenderest touch; but with an effort she kept back her tears, and replied:

"It costs a great deal of money for memorials of that kind, and only wealthy people, or those with a large income, can afford these noble and beautiful charities. Some of the grandest churches, hospitals and asylums in the world have been founded and endowed to keep alive the memory of those who were dear to the great or rich ones of earth."

Mollie sighed.

"All the same, I do wish we could have some kind of a 'memorial' for Beth, she was such a dear, sweet little thing!" she half whispered, as they paused a moment upon the steps of their modest but comfortable home, and, futile as seemed the wish, her mother's heart could not but re-echo it.

That night, after the young folks were all in bed, and silence had fallen upon the merry, noisy household, Mrs. Mason sat, with unwontedly idle hands, watching the fast decaying brands in the fireplace, and thinking of the dear little life that only a few months before had passed away from among them. How she yearned for the touch of those baby fingers, the kisses of those baby lips, now still and silent in this world forever!

She would not have had the lives of her other children saddened for always by this bereavement, that must necessarily mean so much more to her than to them; and yet they were all planning gaily and eagerly for the fast approaching Christmas, carefully counting up their hoarded pennies, and full of all sorts of pleasant little mysteries and merry deceptions, without a thought, apparently, of the little sister who had, in her baby fashion, only one short year ago, joined so gleefully in their preparations for the coming festival.

It was natural that they should do so, as she told herself, and yet how could she bear to have her darling forgotten in the household, of which she had been the sunshine? To have her sons and daughters, in future years, say:

"There are five of us," without a word or thought of the little sister gone before? Then Mollie's words came back to her with another and tenderer significance; "I do wish we could have some kind of a 'memorial' for little Beth!"

A "memorial," not for the eyes of the world, but one that would keep alive in the hearts of her children the memory of that dear lost one.

It might not be an impossibility, after all, and the plan once started in her mind went on unfolding, and as the last spark died out in its bed of sombre gray ashes, and the clock counted out, loud and clear, in the stillness, the twelve strokes of midnight, she rose to her feet, with moist eyes, but a hopeful smile upon her lips.

"In that way they will be sure to remember her," she murmured to herself; "and the little charities given in her name will be twice blessed."

It had always been a custom in the Mason family for the children to hang up their stockings the night before Christmas,—a custom that, as Mrs. Mason declared, owed its popularity to the one extravagance in that economically ordered household, an open fire in the family sitting-room.

When Christmas Eve came there was brought forth for the occasion the usual array of stockings of various sizes and hues, from Mollie's, of conventional black lisle thread, down to little Ben's, of coarser, home-knit yarn, and there was a great deal of chatter and fuss, and good-natured rivalry over a choice of places and the finding of pins large and strong enough to sustain the expected burden.

"I'm going to put mine out here, at the very end!" proclaimed Ben, with a flourish of the article in question, and a desperate dive for the biggest pin in the cushion, but his mother laid her hand gently upon his shoulder, with the softly spoken reminder:

"Not there, dear. That's where little Beth's stocking always hung, you know."

The merry Babel of voices suddenly ceased, and the children turned to look at their mother in a kind of awestruck wonder, as, taking from her work-basket a pair of pretty, scarlet stockings—baby's favorite pair—she carefully fastened them in the accustomed place, with the low-voiced explanation:

"We have no money to build grand memorial windows, or to endow hospitals in the name of our lost darling, but we can keep her memory alive, in our own hearts, at least, in an humbler way. Now, I am going to hang up her stockings just as she did on her last Christmas on earth, and we will each contribute something out of our own stores, that will make some poor children more comfortable and happy on this, the world's great gift day."

Mollie slipped her hand into her mother's, and laid her cheek tenderly against her mother's shoulder, while she whispered, with a half-suppressed sob:

"O mother, dear! that's a beautiful thought, and we'll all be so glad to give something toward dear little Beth's memorial stocking."

The morning saw this promise faithfully fulfilled, and it was wonderful, when each one set his or her brains to work, what a number of poor, neglected children were remembered, and provided for out of little Beth's gift stocking.

Charlie found that, with a new pair of skates, he could spare his old ones for the poor little Irish lad round the corner, who never had so much as a top or ball that he could call his own. Kitty was glad to give a paint-box, almost as good as new, to the crippled girl who always sat in her invalid's chair by the window, and watched longingly the gay groups of children as they trooped past to school.

Outgrown picture-books, caps and boots, a pair of warm mittens and a knitted scarf for the ragged little fellow who shoveled snow for the neighborhood, and several lace bags filled with candy and nuts, contributed from the private store that each had found in his own stocking. It was wonderful how much and what a variety of things that pair of tiny stockings held, for whatever was given in their name was supposed to have come from their diminutive depths.

Every one gave freely, and no one felt poorer for the lack of what went to comfort those who were needy. In Mollie's new portmonnaie was a two-dollar bill, with a slip attached, on which was written: "For the new gloves that Mollie thinks 'will make her perfectly happy.'"

The little lass laughed good-naturedly, at this merry reminder of her own words, and for a few minutes was full of happiness over her mother's gift. But suddenly a thoughtful expression came over her bright face, and she went silently to her room. Half an hour later, she came to her mother, with a grave face, and the question:

"Can I do as I please with the money you gave me?"

"Certainly," was the ready reply, and Mollie's grave face was lightened by a bright and sunny smile.

"I can buy a cheaper pair of gloves," she said, confidentially, "and so save out enough to buy some grapes for the little sick boy in the hospital, who was run over and whose legs were broken, that you told me about."

As the mother gladly gave her consent to this generous plan, a joy too deep for words filled her heart. Her determination was strengthened to make little Beth's memorial stocking a lasting institution in her household, and thus to keep alive the name of the dear, little lost sister in many a grateful heart, for years after that loved form had returned to dust.—*Youth's Companion.*

She'd Manage the Business.

"Kin I git Missus Artichoke Jones arrested?" queried an aged colored woman at police headquarters yesterday.

"What for?" asked the sergeant.

"She has dun frowed mo' dan fo' hundred dead cats into my darter's back yard."

"Why didn't your daughter come down and complain?"

"Kase she let's folks tread on her. Hain't got no mo' grit dan a grasshopper."

"Well, we'll see about it."

"Will she go to jail fur ten y'ars?"

"Hardly."

"Fur five?"

"Probably not."

"Hu! Won't she go to jail 'tall?"

"I don't think so."

"Den you jess drap de hull bizness an' leave it to me! I'll go home an' fling cats into her yard 'till she can't git out doahs! I'll fling hundred—six hundred—hull wagin loads of de biggest an' de deadest cats in de world! You dun keep right away! Ize managin' dis bizness an' if I doan' make Mrs. Jones tired den you kin sot me down fur a child!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Coming Gould.

A charming story is told by a New York correspondent about a little boy in New York who is looked upon in his circle as a born financier. He makes good his claim to the title by charging his little sister 20 per cent. per month for loans made her out of his pocket money. What a pleasing picture of childhood that is—of a good, sound, practical childhood, certain to develop into an energetic business life, with no sentimental nonsense about loving one another or self-sacrifice in it!—*Boston Transcript.*

The Difference.

Stranger—There seems to be a Sunday law in this town.

Resident—Yes, sir. If you want to get shaved, you will have to wait until Monday.

Stranger—Oh, I don't want to get shaved, I want to get drunk.

Resident—Come with me.

Accidental.

Traveler (in the Indian Territory)—How do the folks in Oklahoma manage to live?

Half Blood—Jest by accident, stranger.—*Time.*

Space Limited.

Mr. Bascom—I notice young Timothyseed is payn' consid'able 'tentions to our 'Lizy Jane. Do you s'pose there's anything between 'em?

Mrs. Bascom (who hasn't forgotten old times)—Not much, I guess, when they get to settin' on the sofa.

She Knew the Grip.

By a quick shot he had just rescued her from the clutches of a bear.

"When were your thoughts when bruin commenced to squeeze?" was his inquiry.

"Oh, Charlie, I thought of you!"

Why She Did It.

Adorer (after a rebuke by the old lady)—I didn't kiss you. I only pretended I was going to. Why did you call to your mother?

Sweet Girl (repentantly)—I—I didn't know she was in the house.

A Narrow Escape

"Have you heard the news about Dumley?"

"No, what is it?"

"His boarding house caught fire last night and if he hadn't acted with great presence of mind he would have been dead at this moment."

"What did he do?"

"He awakened himself just in time to escape drowning."—*Time.*

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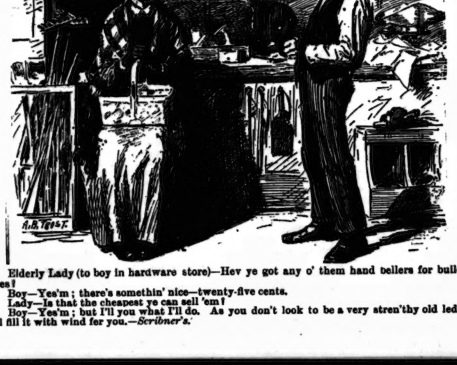

Elderly Lady (to boy in hardware store)—Hev ye got any o' them hand bellers for buildin fires?

Boy—Yes'm; there's somethin' nice—twenty-five cents.

Lady—Is that the cheapest ye can sell 'em?

Boy—Yes'm; but I'll you what I'll do. As you don't look to be a very stren'thy old leddy, I'll fill it with wind for you.—*Scribner's.*

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SICK

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HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

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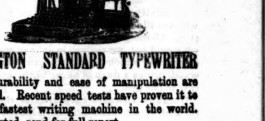

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How Poems Grow Into Volumes.

In a recent number of SATURDAY NIGHT I read a very poetically written article under the heading given above. It was a skilful example of word painting containing much fine and beautiful imagery, but I cannot help thinking that the writer but looked at one, and that the most idyllic side of the subject. It is a matter of regret that but very few of the many volumes which are in the market as poetry and sold as such have had their origin in such a delightfully disinterested manner. In a cold and prosaic fashion might I be allowed to tell how some other poems (genuine or alleged) grow into volumes.

A youth, let us say, arrives at that age which has come to all of us who have reached maturity, when he feels he is not half big enough to hold all the poetry that is surging tumultuously within him. The rosy-fingered dawn lighting up a dew drop poised daintily on the velvety petal of a flower, seen and unheeded a thousand times before, now excites him to an ecstatic state of mind bordering on temporary insanity. The glories of an Autumn forest, the tints of an evening sky are pregnant with a new meaning to him; and a glance at a trim figure or a pretty face, a look from a pair of bright eyes, accompanied by a gentle—oh, so gentle—sigh makes him lose much valuable sleep. If he be a youth of education, perhaps a college boy, who has read and adored Byron or Keats, or Wordsworth or Burns, he tries to embody his fancies in verse. He succeeds to his own and his friends' satisfaction. He tries them on the editor of a local paper—poor man—who publishes them and gets a new subscriber.

Thus encouraged our young friend goes on writing and turns out verses which are used by papers not over-fastidious in the matter of literary merit. Inflted with the flattery of injudicious admirers he tries to soar higher, but with little success. The magazines and literary journals are too strongly fortified for his light armament to effect a breach. He may feel, perhaps, that the editors who declined to accept his verse had no taste, or he may feel that there is a royal road which he has failed to discover. After much cogitation he concludes he must become better known, must get his name before the public; and what better method can he adopt than by collecting all his poems, publishing them and using his book as a mounting block to fame? He generally finds his mounting block far too low, however, and strives by newspaper puffing and other devices, known to the initiated, to raise it higher, but rarely with success, and his book goes to swell the mass of frothy literature that was never worthy of more than an ephemeral life.

This is how too many volumes of verse come into existence. They are born in vanity and cradled in folly. Though not bad enough for utter condemnation they are not good enough to warrant preservation and consequently do not live. If the reader is young and ambitious to shine in the field of letters let him never make the mistake of imagining that, if he has genius, there is danger of his becoming "a mute, inglorious Milton." Nothing can conceal poetic genius in these days of newspapers and magazines. As Oliver Wendell Holmes said: "Let the poems be published in the smallest and most out-of-the-way journal in the country, if they have the true ring they will be brought to light." But on the other hand, no amount of indiscriminate praise and puffing can infuse genius or life into verses where the public can find none. CYNICUS.

Twilight Tramps.

The vagabonds, how often they gain admittance to our homes, and clamor in our not unwilling ears their wants and sorrows.

They come in the twilight, that restful little state which lies between the kingdoms of dark and day. They troop around us, when we are wearied with the busy doings of the day, and sit us down to rest away from the light by which we would be sure to read and the friends to whom we would be sure to talk.

Patter, patter comes the sound of little feet, pushing, scurrying, half fearful, yet strangely bold, and soon a horde of elfish tramps cluster about us.

Swarming up the lane of Remember from the meadows of Long Ago where the worn out yesterdays are encamped, the wee thought children gather about us and coax in wistful tenderness for our caresses.

We are not sorry to see them and draw them close to us, sometimes chiding them the while, never so tenderly.

The pretty ones we love, and, too, even those who are ill favored, gain a share of our attention. Memory is impartial, and often, when we would not, we review, in spite of resolution, something which is not pleasant—something which brings a flush of anger to the cheek or a tear to the eye.

Uncanny visitants they are, for they enter through closed doors, and curtained windows.

Hark! a coal falls from the grate.

Some other time, long ago, perhaps, a coal fell in just that way, or gave just such a glow in parting. A jingle of bells, the long drawn scream of a locomotive, the patient swinging of the clock's pendulum—each of these noises, so strangely loud in the twilight—brings its trooping recollections, and we sit gravely thoughtful, and fondle the wee faces of our little tramps. They beg to be taken up, and, in turn, we gather them to our hearts, and listen to their whisper-messages of the yesterdays, crooning dreamily, meanwhile, a low-voiced measure of some weird and half-forgotten song.

Footsteps sound along the hall. The door opens. A spreading tide of pale gas-light rolls across the carpet, frightening away the mellow rays of the reddened coal, and chasing the fantastic dancing shadows into obscure and darkened corners.

The little tramps take fright. They start and scurry off in haste and confusion, routed, dismayed, disappointed.

We look after them half-regretfully; they heave a sigh and sit up. Once more we are in the world of reality, and we stir ourselves to renewed activity, for our hearts are eased and our souls purified by the dear memories of other days—those little twilight tramps.

F. B. C.

MUSIC

On Wednesday evening of last week at the conversazione of the Ontario Society of Artists a short musical programme followed Mr. Hamilton McCarthy's lecture on The Epochs of Art, though the effect of both was sadly marred by the chatter of the young people who were so impatient for the beginning of the mazy dance. Miss May Fahey gave a very effective rendering of a piano solo, which was followed by Mr. Schuch's singing of Norman's Tower. Mrs. D. E. Cameron, who has a very pretty contralto voice, then sang The Wide, Wide Sea, followed by Miss Alice Waltz, whose effective rendition of Tours' Because of Thee was much admired. Mr. D. E. Cameron's excellent singing of a rollicking song, and the stirring duett, I Feel Thy Angel Spirit, by Miss Waltz and Mr. Schuch, closed this part of the entertainment and illustrated the impatient feet of the waiting dancers.

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On the following evening the choir of the Jarvis street Baptist Church held a service of sacred song. This choir has improved very much under the watchful care of Mr. A. S. Vogt, the organist of the church, and now sings with admirable precision and attention to expression. Mr. Vogt has worked up a fine repertoire, and his choir is full of promise. The principal voices in the choir, Miss Horning, Miss Morell, Mr. E. Lye and Mr. George Lugsdin add much to its efficiency. Organ solos were rendered by Mr. Vogt in his usual thoughtful and correct manner. Additional interest was lent by the excellent singing of Mrs. Annie Fralick-Clark.

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On Saturday afternoon the pupils of Mr. J. W. F. Harrison gave a matinee musicale at that gentleman's residence, and performed a most creditable programme, assisted by Mrs. Drechsler-Adamson, and Miss Patrick, a young lady who has recently arrived here from Ottawa, and who has a very pleasing contralto voice.

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Several musical events took place on Monday evening, one of which was a united service by the choirs of St. Philip's, St. Bartholomew's, St. Matthew, and Grace Churches at the first named sanctuary, under the direction of Mr. H. Guest Collins, organist of that church. The forces numbered some ninety voices and gave a very effective rendering of a service of sacred song, entitled The Child Jesus, consisting of hymns and carols, interspersed with suitable anthems sung by the separate choirs. This is a move in the right direction, and should be more frequently imitated. It creates confidence and a healthy and generous emulation, and the good habits formed under such a stimulus very soon become part of the style of the choirs taking part.

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On the same evening the Mendelssohn Quintette Club gave a soiree in the hall of the Toronto College of Music, which was a very enjoyable event, but rather slenderly attended. The Club found itself with a fortnight's holiday on its hands at the close of the Hegner concert and like sensible men, concluded to spend it in our fair city. Some enthusiastic admirers arranged for two concerts at the College, the first being the one just mentioned, and the second taking place last evening, too late for notice in this issue. On Monday the programme was opened by Mozart's clarionette quintette in A, op. 108, which was excellently played, though in the comparatively small space the clarionette was a trifle heavy for the other instruments.

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Much more pleasing was the closing number, a movement from the C minor quintette, op. 28, by Franz Ries, a work full of vigor and originality, which was played by strings alone. The violoncellist of the club, Mr. Max Droge, was heard here for the first time, and proved himself a thorough artist. With a good, full tone, a fine instrument and artistic taste, Mr. Droge is a decided acquisition to the strength of the club. Mr. Ohliger played the Sarasate fantasia on themes from Faust in fine style, with vigor and feeling. A piano trio by Beethoven, op. 1, was played by Mr. Field, Mr. Ohliger and Mr. Droge. Mr. Field played delightfully, but I could not help receiving the impression that the other gentlemen were playing *prima vista*, or very nearly so. Mr. Field also gave a fine rendering of Liszt's Second Rhapsody, and altogether showed that he has not allowed his talents to rust since his return to his old home.

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On the same evening the United Orange Lodges gave a concert in the Pavilion under Mr. Warrington's direction which was well attended. The artists who took part were Mrs. Caldwell, Mrs. Mackelcan, Mr. Sims Richards, Mr. Warrington and Mr. W. E. Ramsay.

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On Tuesday evening, by the kindness of Mr. Paul Szeliski, the Mendelssohn Quintette Club and its friends were treated to a symposium of music and other good things at the Arlington Hotel, and a thoroughly enjoyable evening was celebrated.

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Miss Marie C. Strong recently sang at a musicale given in Grace Methodist Church, Brampton, and met with the warm applause of the audience and with the thorough appreciation of the local press.

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The Christmas holidays have given some of the musical fraternity a welcome opportunity to seek a change by means of a little travelling. Mrs. Agnes Thomson returned to town a week ago; Miss Hillary went to New York to hear German opera, and to select music for her new society; Mr. A. S. Vogt went to Boston and New York to gather the great and good in music in those centers, and we in Toronto are visited by Miss Elwell, A. R. A. M., and Mr. Henry Jacobsen, both of the musical faculty of Wells Ladies' College, Aurora, N. Y.

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A kind husband, a good father, and a most admirable artist has joined the silent majority. Alonzo Stoddart died in Boston a few days ago, of typhoid fever. He died as he would have wished, in harness, being at the time connected with the Emma Juch Opera Company, playing in that city. Mr. Stoddart was a great favorite in Toronto, having for many years been the favorite baritone of the Philharmonic Society until his connection with the National Opera Company made oratorio engagements impossible. Many friends and admirers in Toronto will regret his untimely demise as he died in the prime of life and in the fulness of his activity. His last appearance in this city was a memorable one, when he appeared as Ricardo in Un Ballo in Maschera a year ago, giving one of the most dramatic performances ever witnessed in Toronto. METRONOME.

The Drama.

Anyone who has the opportunity or the curiosity to look into the dramatic papers that record the comings and goings, the business or the lack of it, of the army of theatrical companies that is at present engaged in the important business of amusing the people of this continent, will probably be surprised to find what excellent amusements the people of Toronto, with the able assistance of our local managers, are in the habit of indulging. When it is remembered that the base of operations of this army is New York and that between New York and Toronto there is a line of fortifications, formidable to theatrical people, in the shape of custom houses, the excellence of our amusements is still more a matter of wonder. If we have as good attractions at our theaters as Buffalo or Detroit people have, it is more to our credit, for we have to pay more for them. I do not say the people of those cities would not be equally enterprising if they were on this side of the line. But the fact remains that, notwithstanding this wall of tariff, Toronto imports artists who are away up in their profession, artists who are in fact at the very head of their profession and, what is more, we keep them with us with but few exceptions for a week. Toronto may in some things shows signs of backwoods breeding, but in the dramatic branch of art she is keeping abreast, if not ahead, of most cities of her age and size. Let us pat ourselves on the back. We deserve it. All through the season bright star follows bright star in luminous succession until with much star gazing the weary dramatic critic is dazed and hails an erratic comet with a savage delight.

This week Rose Coghlan has appeared at the Grand in a repertoire of which the opening number was Forget Me Not. This play was presented here last by Genevieve Ward and her company five or six years ago. It is a strong emotional play, well constructed and of absorbing interest. The leading character is the Countess de Mohrivart, the widow of the keeper of a notorious Parisian gambling hell, who had been murdered by a young Corsican whom he had ruined. The son of the Countess had, before his death, married into a respectable English family and had to a certain extent disowned his parents. But at the time of his marriage he was under the age of twenty-five and according to a French law the marriage of persons under age was null unless the consent of parents could be proven. In the case of the son of the gambling house keepers this could not be done and the fact was used by the Countess de Mohrivart as a lever to force the family of her son's wife to take her under their wing at Rome and introduce her to society, that she might by her charms "catch" some wealthy man and replenish her exhausted purse. Sir Horace Welby, who had been a victim of the Countess' charms in his youth and was now in love with another sister of the family into which the Countess' son had married, endeavored by his previous knowledge of her life to thwart her purpose. But all his plans and threats were successfully opposed by the *finesse* of the daring adventuress, until he finally discovered the Corsican who had murdered her husband and whose single purpose in life was to wreak the same vengeance on the woman who lured him to destruction. On account of his good conduct this man had been released from the galleys, to which he had been sentenced. He thought the Countess de Mohrivart was dead. The Countess knew that if he found her alive she would share her husband's fate. Therefore, when Sir Horace showed her the man who was thirsting for her blood, she was forced to acknowledge herself beaten. Overwhelmed by physical fear, when all else had failed, she was allowed by Sir Horace Welby to depart after she had signed the papers legalizing her son's marriage, so that she could never trouble them again.

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The character of Stepanie Countess de Mohrivart is strong because it pictures an extreme. She is a woman who has by merit been raised to a "bad eminence." It is the strength of genius misapplied and beauty misdirected. There is the flash of reckless daring that forces admiration even when it is perverted to accomplish wrong and to resist the triumph of justice. The dramatists' skill is shown in the felicitous phrasing of the dialogue and the gradual and well sustained development of the plot. The former constitutes an important feature of the play as the interest centers largely in the logomachy between the scheming Countess and Sir Horace.

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It is almost needless to say that Miss Coghlan impersonated the leading character in a finished and skilful manner. However repulsive the character may have been to some, the student of the play had to observe that her performance was the result of close study. The bravado and daring of a woman accustomed to intrigue and simulation could be seen glossing over the emotions and instinct of a woman, with all a woman's weaknesses. Even the lounging and careless attitudes and the cigarette smoking were there to mark the dame of the free and easy world. The weakest part of Miss Coghlan's work was, I thought, in the parts calling for impassioned declamation. Her support is very good.

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Mr. John T. Sullivan as Sir Horace Welby gave a very satisfactory performance. Mr. E. Tom Weber, Mr. G. Herbert Leonard, Miss Helen Bancroft and Miss Alice Fairbrother are all fairly clever. On account of going to press a day earlier this week I am unable to notice any of her other performances here. This afternoon she plays Peg Woffington and tonight will appear in London Assurance.

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All Toronto will doubtless flock to the Grand Opera House next week to see the Kendals. Their fame has long preceded them and the attraction will be a novelty to many Torontonians who have never been in London, or who, if they have, have never seen one of the most celebrated actresses on the English stage. Mrs. Kendal is so celebrated in the social world of England as she is in the theatrical world, and she enjoys the unique distinction of being the only actress who was ever requested to play before her Majesty, the Queen. On this their first visit to America much curiosity was expressed as to whether the style which was so captivating to the English public would be equally well appreciated by Americans. Their first appearance in New York was therefore looked for with much interest. It turned out that the Kendal's art was not for a local section, but for all English speaking people. Their American tour has thus far been a succession of triumphs both socially and histrionically, and there is no doubt that Toronto will give them the hearty welcome accorded to them everywhere they have appeared. On Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday matinee and Friday they will play A Scrap of Paper. On Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday matinee, The Ironmaster. On Saturday evening, The Queen's Shilling.

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This week at the Toronto Opera House Mr. Hamilton Hayden, supported by a pretty fair company, has been playing the well-known melo-drama, In the Ranks. The piece is a well-constructed play of its kind, and was at one time a great favorite with the theater-going public. Like many other good things it has become something of a chestnut, and does not attract the same people that used to see it. The company playing it here this week have been pretty well patronized. Of its members Mr. Hamilton Harris takes the lead, and is ably assisted by Mr. Fred C. Brooks as Joe Buzzard, and Miss Rachelle Renard as Ruth Herrick. The scenery is a taking feature of the show.

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Kellar, the magician, has done a fair week's business at the Academy of Music. As a necromancer Kellar has perhaps not a rival in America. His show is a first-class one of its kind and it has the advantage of being a decided novelty here at the present time. To those interested in the mysterious and the seemingly inexplicable, and their name is legion, an evening spent with Kellar and his assistants is one to be remembered. In the space at my disposal it is impossible to adequately describe all the tricks performed; and if I did so, it would simply be an uninteresting repetition of what has been read before by everyone. In reading descriptions of the performances of Indian jugglers one instinctively thinks that they are pretty tough yarns to give credence to, and there is always a mental reservation, more or less pronounced, which expressed in language amounts to this, "If I were there I think I could detect how they do them." The interest in these tricks lies in the confusion of the senses induced by seeing them not in reading descriptions of how they are performed. The most interesting features of Kellar's show are the mind reading done by himself and Charles and Martha Steen, the well known cabinet scene perfected and made famous by the Davenport brothers, and a dark scene in which two guitars are made to fly through the air in a magical sort of way, tinkling music as they fly about.

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Learning His Name.

Recently a Liverpool man used the telegraph in an odd way. A visitor whom he had met frequently in Manchester stepped into his office. It was business as well as inclination to be exceedingly cordial to the Manchesterian, but for the life of him he could not recall his visitor's name. In the midst of the conversation the Liverpool man was reminded of a telegram he had forgotten to send. Pulling out a blank, he sent the following to his Manchester house:

"What's the name of Jenkin's head man? Can't recall it. He is here."

They chatted away for half an hour, when the answer came. It read:

"Simpkins."

"And now, Mr. Simpkins, it is about time for lunch," said the Liverpool man. "Well go over to the club. I want you to meet some friends of mine there."

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A Bet Well Lost.

At the last rehearsal of Meyerbeer's Crusader, Rossini was present and congratulated his brother composer on the beautiful effect. Somehow Meyerbeer felt very low spirited, and expressed his fears lest the piece should fall flat.

"Tut, tut!" said Rossini, "I'll bet you a hundred louis it will be a brilliant success!"

"Done!" replied the composer. During the performance Rossini occupied a prominent seat in the first row of stalls and loudly applauded each passage. With the example of the eminent Italian before them, who among the audience would have dared to give the least sign of disapproval? The opera fairly brought down the house, and Meyerbeer was called repeatedly before the curtain. Next morning Rossini received an envelope containing the amount of the bet and a letter expressing Meyerbeer's satisfaction at losing the wager.

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Heavier Ones Needed.

Gazzam—I see that a lighthouse on the shore of Lake Michigan has been blown away by a gale.

Mrs. Gazzam—Well I think the Government ought to stop building light houses and build heavier ones.

A Swimmer's Dream.

I.

Dawn is dim on the dark soft water,
Soft and passionate, dark and sweet.
Love's own self was the deep sea's daughter,
Fair and fadless from face to feet.
Hailed of all when the world was golden,
Loved of lovers whose names beholden
Thrill men's eyes as with light of olden
Days more glad than their flight was fleet.

So they sang: but for men that love her,
Souls that hear not her word in vain,
Earth beneath her and haven above her
Seem but shadows that wax and wane.
Softer than sleep's are the sea's caresses,
Kinder than love's that betrays and blesses,
Blither than spring's when her flowerful tresses
Shake forth sunlight and shine with rain.

All the strength of the waves that perish
Swells beneath me and laughs and sighs,
Sighs for love of the life they cherish,
Laughs to know that it lives and dies,
Dies for joy of its life, and lives
Thrilled with joy that its brief death gives
Death whose laugh or whose breath forgives,
Change that hide it subside and rise.

II.

Hard and heavy, remote but nearing,
Sunless hangs the severe sky's weight,
Cloud on cloud, though the wind be veering,
Heaped on high to the sundawn's gate.
Dawn and even and noon are one,
Veiled with vapor and void of sun;
Naught in sight or in fancied hearing
Now less mighty than time or fate.

The gray sky gleamed and the gray seas glimmer,
Pale and sweet as a dream's delight,
As a dream's where darkness an't light seem dimmer,
Touched by dawn or subdued by night.
The dark wind, stern and sullen and sad,
Swings the rollers to westward, clad
With lustrous shadow that lures the swimmer,
Lures and lulls him with dreams of light.

Light, and sleep, and delight, and wonder,
Change, and rest, and a charm of cloud,
Fill the world of skies whereunder
Heaves and quivers and pants aloud
All the world of the waters, hoary
Now, but clothed with its own live glory,
That mates the lightning and mocks the thunder
With light more living and word more proud.

III.

Far off westward, whither sets the sounding strife,
Strife more sweet than peace, of shoreless waves whose glee
Scorns the shore and loves the wind that leaves them free,
Strange as sleep and pale as death and fair as life,
Sifts the moonlight-colored sunshine on the sea.

Toward the sunset's goal the sunless waters crowd,
Fast or autumn days toward winter: yet it seems
Here that autumn wanes not, here that woods and streams
Lose not heart and change not likeness, chilled and bowed,
Warped and wrinkled: here the days are fair as dreams.

IV.

O russet-robed November,
What alis thee so to smile?
Chill August, pale September,
Endured a woful while.
And fell as falls an ember
From forth a flameless pile;
But golden-girt November
Bids all she looks on smile.

The lustrous foliage, waning
As wanes the morning moon,
Here fall'st, here refraining,
Outbraves the pride of June
With stateliest semblance, feigning
No fear lest death be soon;
As though the woods thus waning
Should wax to meet the moon.

As though, when field lie stricken
By gray December's breath,
These lortlier growths that sicken
And die for fear of death
Should feel the sense requicken
Tost hears what springides saith
And thrills for love, spring-stricken
And pierced with April's breath.

The keen white-winged north-easter
That stings and spurs the sea,
Doth yet but feed and feast her
With glowing sense of glee;
Calm chain d her, storm released her,
And storm's glad voice was he;
South-wester or north-easter.
Thy winds rejoice the sea.

V.

A dream, a dream is it all; the season,
The sky, the water, the wind, the shore?
A day-born dream of divine unreason.
A marvel moulded of sleep, no more?
For the cloud-like wave that my limbs while cleaving
Feel as in slumber beneath them heaving,
Soothes the sense as to slumber, leaving
Sense of naught that was known of yore.

A purer passion, a lordlier leisure,
A peace more happy than lives on land,
Fulfils with pulse of diviner pleasure
The dreaming head and the steering hand.
I lean my head to the cold gray pillow,
The deep soft swell of the full broad billow,
And close mine eyes for delight past measure,
And wish the wheel of the world would stand.

The wild-winged hour that we fain would capture
Falls as from heaven that its light feet climb,
So brief, so soft, and full the rapture
Was felt that soothed me to sweet sleep of home.
To sleep, to swim, and to dream forever,
Such joy the vision of man saw never;
For here too soon will a dark day sever
The sea-bird's wing from the sea-wave's foam.

A dream, and more than a dream, and dimmer
At once and brighter than dreams that flee,
The moment's joy of the seaward swimmer
Abides, remembered as truth may be.
Not all the joy and not all the glory
Must fade as leaves when the woods wax hoary;
For there the downs and the woodlands glimmer,
And here to south of them swells the sea.

—ALGERNON SWINBURNE IN N. Y. *Sun*.

Did Not Want Gore.

"Why will you persist in drinking tea and coffee?" asked the doctor. "A milk diet is the healthiest. It contains all the elements of the human blood."

"Very true," replied Boggs, swallowing a third cup of coffee; "but then, you know, I'm not bloodthirsty."

Noted People.

Gladstone, the Grand Old Man—and, recently, the Strong Man of the English comic papers—will celebrate his eightieth birthday on Sunday, December 29.

The Prince of Wales rushed down to London a few weeks ago and, settling amicably, with brotherly kindness, the little coolness between himself and the Duke of Edinburgh, bore that gentleman and his duchess in triumph to Sandringham.

The Sultan, upon hearing of Dom Pedro's abdication, clutched his sceptre still more firmly, felt about for his royal prerogatives and, to win some not over-loyal hearts, ordered the payment of salaries which had been long unattended to.

Poor Mary Anderson has been scolded by her grandfather for not going on the stage at once. He does not think her ill, but she won't stir at present. She is, however, studying again now, and expects at an early date to produce 'The Tempest as it has never yet been produced.

Daniel Webster, long sighted as he was in some respects, is reported as having said, fifty years ago, that the region then known as Oregon, was "so far-off that it could never be governed by the United States, and that a delegate from it to Congress would not reach Washington till a year after the expiration of his term."

Mrs. George Archibald is the pen name of a graceful American writer of poetry, and also some attractive prose. Her maiden name was Anne Campbell, and marrying George A. Palmer, when about twenty-six, she took the first part of his name as a pseudonym. Mrs. Archibald is said to be at her best in her stories for children, and a book—her first—will be issued shortly by a New York firm.

Edward Bellamy, author of Looking Back ward and founder of the Nationalist party, is described as a wiry-looking man still in his thirties. There are a few strands of silver in his dark hair, and his face is illumined by a pair of brown eyes. Mr. Bellamy was born in the little village of Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts, where he still lives.

Anna Teresa Berger, the leading woman cornetist of the world, is now performing in London. At her lodgings she has a small room fitted up with padded walls and ceiling and draped doors, and there she practises night and day on the gold and silver cornets that have been presented to her by her admirers.

Meissonier, the French painter, is seventy-nine old, and wears the head of a patriarch. He is well off, but not wealthy. His house in Paris was built by him, and is fitted up in artistic style and filled with beautiful things. M. Meissonier has written his memoirs, which will not be published until after death.

Edward Strauss, the brother of Johann, the famous waltz writer, is coming to this country with his orchestra. He is said to be a magnetic leader, and not unlike a magnetic eel in the way he capers around the platform with his violin, using his bow for a baton, or to scratch a note here and there, just to show his men how it ought to be done.

Margherita, the beloved Queen of the Italians, is still young and fair, but, much to her dismay, growing very stout. Some time ago she suffered a great deal from dyspepsia, and the medicine for its cure has effected the novel consequence. Her Majesty resolutely declares that however much she may suffer from dyspepsia in the future, nothing will induce her to take the same remedy.

"The Queen of Spain is about to marry," cries one paper. "The Queen of Spain has no such intention," retorts the other. This has been going on for some time, until a wiseacre assures us now that the Queen herself declares the report wrong. She is too devoted a mother to anger her people, and thus risk the stability of her baby son's crown.

Just Do Your Best.

The sign is bad when folks commence
A-doubtin' fault with Providence
And balkin' cau-e the earth don't shake
At ev'ry prancin' step they take.
No man is great till he can see
How less than little he would be
If stripped to self, and stark and bare,
He hung his sign out anywhere.

My doctern is to lay asi'e
Contentions and be satisfied;
Just do your best, and praise or blame
That follers that counts just the same.
I've allus noticed great success
Is mixed with troubles, more or less,
And it's the man who does the best
That gets more kicks than all the rest.

—JAMES W. RILEY.

'Varsity Chat.

The Glee Club sent a distinguished contingent to the Central Methodist Church apron sale last Friday evening. I say distinguished, for there were gathered ex-Hon. President J. E. Jones, B. A., '68; ex-President R. J. Gibson, B. A., '89, and Hon. President Newton Kent, B. A., LL. B., beauty and chivalry. Undergraduates were represented by Messrs. W. H. Graham, Fawell, D. Donald and Casey Wood, all resident citizens. Other members of the club are at their distant homes giving the only true and original interpretation to the college songs which the song book has made known far and wide.

The term just closed has been quietly eventful. Three new professors have been added to the staff, men whose youth seems to guarantee to them many years of usefulness and formative influence. To some extent, at least, chance enters into the appointment of men wholly or partially unknown to us except by reputation, but I think it is safe to say that the choice in each case could not have been more fortunate. Academically speaking Professors Alexander and Hume are bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. Professor Baldwin though not of ourselves in the same sense may yet feel assured that his appointment by the powers that be secures for him a brother's welcome. He need have no fears of a lack of co-operation on the part of his students. So far the impression he has made has been most favorable, both scholastic and social.

Professor Baldwin will deliver his inaugural lecture on the afternoon of the second Tuesday in January.

For next term at the Modern Language Club an afternoon on Browning is promised by Prof. Alexander. This will be an exceptional opportunity to hear an authority on a poet who has been the subject of very various criticism. Some people cannot see anything in Browning's poetry to justify his exalted reputation. Perhaps Prof. Alexander could open their eyes.

It is proposed in the club to publish all essays and papers read before it which are considered to be of sufficient merit to warrant the distinction. This is a move in the right direction because of the increased care in writing which it will cause. It is to be urged that rejected essays will humiliate hard working authors, then this feeling merely argues a false pride, not the sentiment of students willing to learn.

It is perhaps not generally known that the College Y. M. C. A. supports a missionary in Corea, Mr. J. S. Gale, B. A. Recently a portrait of him in crayon has been secured by the association, and is now to be seen on the eastern wall of the main assembly room. The likeness is decidedly good, but it will not be long when those who knew him personally will be very few nereabouts.

A goodly company of enthusiasts gathered the other evening to do honor to Mr. J. G. Witton, B.A., '88, the late fellow in physics, before his departure for Cornell. Full and free was the fun and jolly the jokes which kept the party together until the morning hours were not so very wee and sma'.

Sergeant McKim's troubles are over for a few days only to begin again with lectures. The kindly old man is a true type of the Irish pensioner who has served his Queen and country well and knows a gentleman when he sees him. We wish him a joyous holiday season.

A committee representing the various class societies has been drafted to prepare a year book. I am not informed as to the precise character and objects of the forthcoming volume. There is nothing objectionable about a year book, *per se*, quite the contrary; but if the book in question is to supersede the class year books, it is, to say the least, decidedly unconstitutional.

Mr. Harry Senkler, B. A., '89, spent a few hours in the corridors on Saturday. Those of us who happened to be about were more than glad to see him. NEMO.

The Belated Elf.

The Wind was growling and grumbling, moaning and howling; doing anything to regain his ascendency in Nature, but mortals had grown tired of him and were longing for snow and ice and hail and frost and Christmas. The last was very near, but as yet his heralds had not appeared.

Suddenly the Wind espied a tiny, brown, shivering ball of down, which his lightest breath sent hither and thither, now into the air, now skimming along the bare, hard ground, now into a somewhat sheltered corner, where it would vainly try to remain. He was becoming rather interested in this fluffy plaything, and when he heard a very small voice from the inside, he grew still more so.

"Oh! do please let me rest." There it was, distinctly, and, as in his excitement he blew a bit harder, the plea was repeated. He paused, lifted the strange thing and gently removed the soft blanket of down.

There lay a Flower Elf, looking so blue and miserable with cold and hunger, that the great, well-fed Wind burst into a hilarious shout of glee.

"Well, my gigantic young friend, how is it that I find you here at this time of year?"

"I loitered and was left behind," cried the fairy. "Oh! blow me South! Good Father Wind, pray blow me South! To the sweet, sunny, genial South, where are gone all my comrades and my Queen." So spoke the little pleader, and it sorely grieved his hearer's heart to watch the gradual dying away of hope in the poor, pinched face as he answered, "Ah, little one, I cannot, I may not. I am blowing from the East, cold and tempestuous, and in my icy grasp your frail body would perish."

The elf was about to break forth in lamentation, but at that moment a little girl hastened by, chasing her hat and exclaiming something, by no means complimentary to the poor old Wind. He heard the complaint, and, for an instant forgetting the elf in sorrow for his own ill luck, heaved a mighty sigh which sent the unfortunate mannikin fluttering away, away into the air as of a tall, grand pine. Immediately there arose the noise of whispering and wonderment among the younger trees, and eager bendings of the stately heads to see this odd morsel so suddenly blown into their midst. But the kingly Fir, in whose clasp he rested, silenced all questionings and, waved by the Wind, softly cradled his foster babe to repose and warmth.

That night the weary, wee fairy slept in the embrace of the Father Pine, and surely no sleep on cushioned couch could have been deeper or healthier. The subtle fragrance of the fir trees was inhaled at every breath and the gentle night breeze, laden with odorous balm, wafted his pillow to and fro. He awoke at last, to find the Sun beaming down on the Earth newly clad in her pure, white robe.

He looked about in amazement, put his hand on the spotless flakes, drew it back hastily as the cold quivered through his fragile body, and then almost felt inclined to weep, had not the Sun smiled so brightly and the sparrows twittered so merrily and the Snow lain so sparkling. "What is it?" he queried, in an awed whisper to the Pine. "What is this white, soft mantle that covers the flowerless earth and so kindly hides the ravages made by the Frost Prince?

"Last night," replied the Pine, "as King Sun was retiring in high dudgeon behind the dense cloud portals, his ermine train was caught between the closing rollers and the fragments that fluttered down to this earth, mortals call snow."

Before the bright, new day was many hours old, the elf had learned to love the tall, wide-sweeping pines. He paused in eager questionings to listen to the faint, melodious whispers of the wind-stirred branches, to wonder at their strength and beauty, to note their kindly sheltering of all who needed it, and, as the snow lay heavy on them, their wondrous contrasts of light and darkness.

But as the day had gone on place to night, a sorrow fell on the brave little company, standing so royally erect in the clear, frosty sunshine. One of their number was chosen for a Christmas tree and already the sharp, cruel axe was at its foot, and the peerless young gallant had murmured his farewells. "All good go with thee!" cried the Father Pine, as the first blow was given.

"You go to make others joy!" as the steel cut deep at the second blow.

"A right true heart, my comrade!" as the merciless metal sank at the third blow.

"Tis not for long!" as at the fourth, the victim lay prone athwart the path.

There was a long, lingering, sobbing movement as the poor, lifeless tree was carried away, and the lonely Wind shrieked loud in sympathy as he bent and straightened the tapering pine-tops.

But no one noticed that the tiny stranger had leaped upon a branch of the fallen tree, was now nestling down in a remote nook and being born whithersoever his new chosen refuge was taken.

Down long, endless streets, past glaring mansions, through throngs of hurrying, noisy, happy mortals, whose loud voices caused the timid flower-elf to shrink farther back into his secluded resting-place, and at last into the doors of a great, warmly lighted house, in which everything spoke of luxury and wealth and happiness. At one end of the roomy hall a curtain was drawn and the elfin peeping through caught a glimpse of color and beauty, which gladdened his eyes.

Roses, whose dreamy perfume intoxicated his senses with old, re-found delights; lilies, whose stately purity aroused in him visions of a past glorious summer and flowers he had known, and flowers he had loved, and with one fluttering, flashing sweep of wing, he was buried in a crimson, glowing blossom, all pain, all cold, all sorrow forgotten, and as the bells that night pealed out a glad and clamorous greeting to the monarch of holidays, he softly caressed a new-born Christmas blossom, echoing "In truth, a Merry Christmas!" F. T. M.

Trinity Talk.

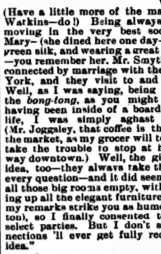
Mr. J. G. Carter-Troop is still occupying his rooms in residence, the work necessary for the Christmas number of the *Review* having prevented his taking advantage of the vacation sooner. He will spend the remainder of the month in Montreal.

Another name has been added to Trinity's list of double firsts. Mr. H. H. Bedford-Jones has secured the coveted honors at a special examination held before Christmas; owing to an unfortunate illness during October, Mr. Bedford-Jones was unable to complete his examination in honor classics, but this special examination has given him his high standing, and he is to be heartily congratulated on his great success.

Mr. Cyril McGee, '88, has been appointed mathematical master at Trinity College School, and not Mr. Hague as was before stated. Mr. McGee is a double honor man, and will no doubt make a thorough and efficient master.

A grant of fifty dollars has been made the cricket club, to aid in the much needed repairs on the cricket-crease. The ground last year was in a shocking condition, and it was with the greatest difficulty that pitches were secured, even for the home matches that were played; but it is to be hoped that this sum, together with the surplus which is in the treasury, will go a good way towards improving the ground, and Trinity's pitches may compare favorable with those given by other Toronto clubs. CAECUS.

Why They Take Boarders.



WHY MRS. HASHLEIGH RECEIVES THEM.

HEN we first moved into this big house, Mr. Hashleigh says to me: 'Why not take some boarders?' he says: 'There's twice as much room as we need for ourselves,' he says; 'and we might utilize it,' he says. Well, you can imagine how horrified I was at the idea. (Have a little more of the mackerel, Mr. De Watkins—do!) Being always accustomed to moving in the very best society—my Aunt Mary—(she dined here one day—a stout lady in green silk, and wearing a crescent of diamonds—you remember her, Mr. Smythe)—well, she is connected by marriage with the Astors of New York, and they visit to and fro frequently. Well, as I was saying, being always used to the *long-tong*, as you might say, and never having been inside of a boarding house in my life, I was simply aghast at the idea. (Mr. Joggsley, that coffee is the best Java in the market, as my grocer will tell you if you'll take the trouble to stop at his store on your way downtown.) Well, the girls favored the idea, too—they always take their pa's side of every question—and it did seem a pity to leave all those big rooms empty, with the moths eating up all the elegant furniture (I am glad that my remarks strike you as humorous, Mr. Cashton), so I finally consented to receive a few select parties. But I don't suppose my connections 'll ever get fully reconciled to the idea.

WHY MRS. WEEDS ACCEPTS A FEW FIRST-CLASS PEOPLE.

"For a while after Mr. Weeds died—he was hit on the left temple with a beer-glass and never regained consciousness—I didn't feel as if I ever wanted to see anybody again. I got kind of morbid like. I used to sit up in my room alone all day long, and do nothin' but cry. I wasted away till I was a mere shadow. (Yes, Mr. Huxter, I have got well over it, I'm thankful to say.) 'Mrs. Weeds,' says the doctor, 'you've got to do something, or you'll go into a decline. What you want,' says he, 'is refined and congenial society.' 'Oh, don't talk to me of society,' I says, 'I am past all that.' 'Nevertheless,' says he, 'you must have it. Now,' says he, 'why don't you take a few boarders, just for company?' Well, you could have knocked me down with a feather. Me take boarders! The idea seemed laughable at first. 'I know the money wouldn't be any object to you, of course,' says the doctor, 'but still you could bring yourself to accept it, and you'd get what would be an object—refined and intellectual companionship.' Well, at first I wouldn't listen to him, but I finally made up my mind to give the plan a trial, and I s'pose that on the whole it was a wise thing to do."

WHY MRS. McGULLIBLE ENTERTAINETH THE WAYFARER.

"When my husband was taken sick, and it became impossible for him to work, I had to do something, you know, and as I hadn't any accomplishments, I decided to take a few boarders. Didn't know that Mr. McGullible was sick, Mr. Freshly? Oh, yes, any of the old boarders could have told you that he's a great invalid. He looks fat and healthy, as you say; but I expect him to be taken off some day without a moment's warning. It's heart trouble he has. You don't know how careful I have to be to keep him from getting excited or worried about anything. He seems to be happier settin' by the kitchen fire and doin' than anywhere else, though once a week or so he'll go to the theater, and occasionally take a little drive on the road. But I don't s'pose he'll ever do any more work. It's a dreadful thing to be an invalid."

WHY MRS. VAN BLOOD EXCHANGES THE COMFORTS OF A HOME FOR GOLD.

"I never expected to be obliged to keep boarders for a living. I can imagine how my par would have felt if he could have foreseen to what I was fated to come. You know mine is an old family in Toronto and so is Mr. Van Blood's. But now—(No, Mr. Giblets, I suppose the puddine-sauce is not what it should be; but my cook left me at a moment's notice this afternoon, and all the responsibility fell upon me, and what do I know about making puddingsauces?) A few years ago I had but to express a wish to have it gratified, and it would be so now if poor pa had not been so unfortunate in seventy two, and if Mr. Van Blood had been a financier instead of a gentleman. (Yes, Mr. Jenkins, I will see that a clean towel is sent to your room this evening. I was under the impression that you had had one this week.")

F. A. S.

The Painter and his Pupil.

Amerling, the famous Vienna artist who died in 1886, had a decided objection to taking pupils. One day a plainly-dressed elderly lady called upon him with her daughter, and entreated him to admit her to his studio. The artist replied:

"I dislike playing the teacher. Any person with talent will attain to excellence by his own unaided efforts; he that has none had far better not dabble in art. However, if your daughter would like to see what is going on here and try her hand a bit, she may go and sit in that corner."

Notwithstanding this cool reception, the young lady went to the studio every day accompanied by her mother, who never spoke a word, but sat with her child in the corner knitting stockings, while Amerling paid not the slightest attention to either of them. One day, however, the painter sat down opposite the old lady and said:

"Excuse my not having asked you before with whom I have the honor. Are you married?"

"I am a widow."

"What family have you?"

"Only a son and a daughter!"

"Is your son a merchant or an artisan?"

"Neither."

"A Government employe?"

"Something of the kind."

"A soldier?"

"Not always."

"Why, what is he then?"

"A king."

Amerling thought the old lady was wrong in her head. At that moment the mother of the Emperor of Austria, the Archduchess Sophia, who often visited the studio, was shown in, and at once embraced the old lady, whom she afterwards introduced to the astonished artist as the Princess Christina of Saxony, the mother of King Charles Albert.

Useful in Death

Mrs. O'Toole (calling)—Phwere did yez be afther gittin' the foine switch, Mrs. O'Grady!
Mrs. O'Grady—Shure, an' when the poor billy-goat died I cut aff the whiskers av him an' its the illizant switch it do be making.

Sleeping Rooms.

In the most of our dwellings the important rooms, as far as the health of the inmates is concerned, are the kitchen and the sleeping-room. In these two the mistress of the house, who keeps no servant, spends the largest part of her life; but it is to just these rooms that the least sanitary attention is commonly paid.

We shall speak now only of the sleeping-room. In this we all spend, or should spend, one-third of the day, the period designed by nature for repairing the wear of the physical and mental machinery. No greater mistake was ever made than to look on the time spent in sleep as wasted.

We have improved upon such sleeping-rooms as were not unusual a few generations ago; rooms forever unvisited by sunshine; rooms opening from the kitchen, so that the spoiled air of the day was breathed over again by night; rooms in low, stifling garrets, or worse still, mere closets, wholly cut off from sunshine and from the pure outside air. But many house-keepers still need hints on the subject.

1. A sleeping-room should never be a small one, dependent for most of its air on an open window. Such a room is seldom safe, and in certain states of the weather the air is sure to be shut off.

2. Few rooms are large enough not to require continuous ventilation. The two sleepers are constantly vitiating the air. No air is pure which contain an excess of carbonic acid, and at every breath a certain amount of oxygen is converted into this poisonous gas. Think of twelve thousand such inspirations during the night!

Moreover, each breath conveys with the carbonic acid and throws into the air effete matter thrown off by the lungs, which is also poisonous.

Nor is even this all. Millions of sweat tubes are all the time pouring their polluted waste into the room. Ventilation, it is evident, is a hygienic necessity.

3. Sunshine is essential to a good sleeping-room. Sunshine is a powerful disinfectant, and every sleeping-room needs to be disinfected daily. Let the head of the family appropriate the sunniest room; the guest chamber, with its occasional occupant, is of secondary importance.

4. The sleeping-room should be in an upper story. As the night air cools, many of the disease-producing particles sink to the lower strata. It is said that one may live safely in a malarial region by avoiding the night air and sleeping above the ground floor.

5. The sleeping-room should be not only one of the most spacious, but one of the cheerliest and neatest and best-furnished rooms in the house. It should be emphatically "the chamber of peace."

The Advantage of Being a Cripple.

A little ragamuffin, who had lost one of his legs, hopped across on a crutch one rainy afternoon last week at the corner of Broadway and Park place, New York. His shoe was torn, and it was natural to suppose that the foot inside of it was wet. The boy was determined that there should be no question about this, for he hopped from one puddle to another, and stood in each until the water began to ooze out of the shoe. Several other gamins played around with him. At times they tried to pull him down, but he was very quick and had a way of bringing his crutch down on their shoulders that made them wary about coming within his reach. Suddenly he stopped and said:

"I feel hungry. Guess I want somethin' to eat."

He left his companions playing in the street, hopped up onto the sidewalk, and accosted the first man that came along. The man looked at his crippled condition and gave him a dime. The next man fumbled in his pocket and brought out a copper. The third and fourth paid no attention to him. He gave it up then and came back to his companions, tossing the money he had received as though this was no unusual occurrance.

"Goin' to leave you fellows," he said; "goin' to get some beef and beans."

As he hobbled away the other boys looked at him with envy in their eyes.

"Gosh," said one of them, "it's great to be one-legged. You don't have to work and you get more money, too."

The others nodded assent.

A Startling Combination.

Jane Ann—Say, look here, John! Here's somethin' handy for ye. A corkscrew an' shaving brush, all in one!—*Puck.*

A LIFE SENTENCE

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CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

Mr. Evandale had felt the same distate for her society that she had expressed for his visits and troubled himself not a little about the want of charity that he discovered in himself. To his clear and penetrating eyes there was a vein of falseness apparent in Mrs. Vane's most honeyed speeches; her narrowed eyes were too subtle for his taste; there were lines about her mouth which he had seen on faces of women whom he did not love. For the life of him he could not repress a certain honest gravity and even sternness of manner in addressing her; something in her revolted him—he did not know why or why. He almost pitied the general—the hearty, good old man who seemed so fond of his fair wife. And he was sorry for Enid too, not only on account of her sad story, but because she lived with this woman whom he distrusted, because she was ruled by her fancies and educated according to her desires. And he was even sorry—still without knowing why—for little Dick, whose quaint childish face always expanded into a broad smile at the sight of him, and whom he often met in the village, clinging fondly to Enid's hand.

When he dined at the Hall, he had scarcely seen Enid, for, on some pretext of illness or fatigue, Mrs. Vane had kept her away from dinner, and her presence in the drawing-room for the last half hour of Evandale's stay had been a very silent one. But he often saw her in church. The Vanes' pew was just in front of the pulpit, and the rector could not preach without noticing the steady attention given to him by the girl in the squire's pew, could not fail to be struck by the sweetness of the fair uplifted face, the beauty of the pathetic eyes, in which there always lurked the shadow of some past or future pain. The rector fell into the habit of preaching to that fair young face. But, strangely enough, he did not preach as men usually preach to the young and innocent—his words were often of consolation for bitter grief, tender counsel for the afflicted, warnings of future hope and amendment for the guilty. Nothing less peculiarly appropriate to a young girl of seventeen than some of his sermons could be imagined—and yet they were all addressed to Enid Vane. It was as if he were trying to strengthen her for some dread conflict, some warfare of life and death, which his foreseeing eye discerned for her in days to come.

Enid was allowed to do a little district-visiting in the parish, and Mr. Evandale had often heard reports of her gentleness and goodness; but he had never personally encountered her on any of her errands of mercy. An exception to this rule however took place on a certain afternoon in November a few weeks after Hubert Lepel's visit to Beechwood.

Mr. Evandale had on that day received information that one of his parishioners—a Mrs. Meldreth—was seriously ill and would like to see him. The informant added that she brought the rector word of this because Mrs. Meldreth's daughter Sabina was not at home, and seemed anxious to keep the clergyman away. The rector's fighting instincts were at once aroused by this communication. He knew Sabina Meldreth by name only, and had not derived a very pleasant impression of her from all that he had heard. She had once had been under housemaid at the Hall, but had been dismissed for misconduct—of what sort nobody could exactly say, although much was hinted at which the gossips did not put into words—and had left the village soon afterwards. Since that time she had been seen at Beechfield only at intervals; she came occasionally to see her mother, and stated that she was "engaged in a millinery business at Whitminster, and doing well." Certainly her dress, gracefully plumes and jewelry, seemed to betoken that her finances were in a flourishing condition. But she never came to church, and was reported to talk in an irreverent manner which made the rector long to get hold of her for five minutes. With his strong convictions, Maurice Evandale could not bear to see a silent protest of the insolent and almost profane sallies of wit by which, to his mind, Sabina Meldreth dishonored her Creator. He had long resolved to speak to her on the subject when next she visited Beechfield. Perhaps her mother's illness would have softened her and would make the rector's task less difficult—for it is not his nature to love the administration of rebuke, although he held it to be one of his essential duties, when occasion required.

Mrs. Meldreth was a respectable elderly woman who kept a small shop for cheap groceries and haberdashery in the village. She did not do much business, but she lived in apparent comfort—probably, the neighbors said, because she was helped by her daughter's earnings. And then Mrs. Vane was unusually kind to her. Flossy did not interest herself much in the welfare of her poorer neighbors, but to Mrs. Meldreth she certainly showed peculiar favor. Many a gift of food and wine went from the Hall across Mrs. Meldreth's threshold; and it was noticed that Mrs. Meldreth was occasionally admitted to Mrs. Vane's own room for a private conference with the lady of Beechfield Hall herself. But those who commented wonderingly on the fact were ignorant that Mrs. Meldreth added to her occupations that of sick nurse, and that she had been in attendance on Mrs. Vale at

THE STORY OF AN ERROR

By the Author of "His Wedded Wife," "A Fatal Dower," "Barbara," "Ladybird's Penitence," "Bunchie," "A Foolish Marriage," etc.

OUR "FAMILY HERALD" SERIES. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER XXV.

"'What is the meaning of this?' my brother asked, in a calm voice, but with an ominous flash in his eyes as he hurried to Sara's side. "'What is this man doing here? Nest, what have you been about to let your sister be so terrified?'

"'Your sister is a sensible girl, Mr. Cameron,' said the man, insolently, 'She believes in the wisdom of the old proverb that it is better to wash your soiled linen at home.'

"'I will speak to you later,' said Philip curtly; then, bending over Sara, he murmured softly, 'Let me take you away, my darling, before I settle with this person and make him account for so insolent an intrusion. The alarm has made you quite ill, I fear.'

"'No—it is nothing!' she gasped. 'He will go—he—he will go!'

"The man laughed.

"'Oh, yes, I'll go,' he said coolly—'but not alone.'

"'What is your business here?' demanded my brother.

"'I think that probably my name will tell you,' the stranger answered, by no means abashed. 'We have never met; but you may have heard my name from the lady you call your wife. It is Winsor Cairns.'

"'Your name tells me nothing, sir,' said Philip haughtily. 'You must be more explicit. What is your business?'

"'My name tells you nothing?' repeated the other abruptly. 'That is very strange.'

"Every time he spoke I felt Sara shudder as if a knife had stabbed her; otherwise she sat motionless, and, save for the agony in her eyes, she looked in her awful pallor like a woman already dead.

"'What is your business?' Philip repeated abruptly.

"'To claim my wife!' replied the stranger shortly.

"'To claim your wife!' exclaimed Philip. 'What madness is this?'

"'There is no question of madness,' answered the man, in harsh, sneering tones, 'unless it is yours for having trusted her. My name is Winsor Cairns, and I was born a gentleman. I am an M. A. of Oxford; I have been author; I am now a returned convict. As to my business here, I have already told you what it is—I have come to claim my wife.'

"'Your wife is a member of my household!' queried Philip sternly.

"The man smiled, and I saw him glance at Sara.

"'Yes,' he said coolly; 'but it is not in the servants' hall or in the housekeeper's room that I shall find my wife'—with a jeering laugh. 'This is nearer me than that. She is there! Look at her!'

"I started to my feet with a wild cry; but, before it escaped my lips, Philip had struck the man upon the mouth.

"'Liar!' he exclaimed.

"As to the next few minutes I am so confused in my memory that I cannot tell clearly what happened. There was a short struggle. I had covered my face with my hands; when I moved them, the stranger was slowly rising from the ground.

"'You will be sorry for this!' he said savagely. 'Is it my fault that you have married a traitress? Ten years ago she left her father's house clandestinely and became the wife of her brother's tutor. He is living; I am he—and my claim is prior to yours. She is my wife! Therefore she is your——'

"'It is a lie!' panted Philip, his eyes flashing, his lips quivering with passion.

"The man pointed at Sara.

"'A lie?' he repeated. 'Look at her! Does she look as if it were a lie?'

"Sara had started up from her cushions, and was holding the arms of her chair with shaking hands. Her face seemed as if it were turning to marble.

"'Does she look as if it were a lie? Is her face the face of an innocent woman? Let it answer you.'

"Philip turned to her.

"'Speak,' he said, wildly, his own face turning deathly pale as his eyes rested on her—speak, Sara! Only one word! Oh, my beloved, I do not doubt you; but let me hear from your own lips that he is speaking falsely!'

"He lifted her in his arms, his eyes resting upon her face with a terrible eagerness, as if they would read her soul. She stood passive, quivering in every limb.

"'She cannot deny it!' said the man Cairns, sullenly. 'It is as true, Mr. Cameron, as that you and I live!'

"There was a moment's dreadful silence, and then Philip spoke again; but his voice was so changed that I could scarcely recognize its low hollow tones.

"'It is true?' he said. 'Yes—it is true! And my son—my son—what is he?'

"As he released Sara, as a awful inarticulate sound escaped her lips; she put her hand to her heart and fell at his feet.

"August 8th.—I am writing in Sara's room. It has been very hot, almost sultry, all day, and the stillness has been like that which reigned here when my mother died.

"The doctors from London are expected tonight, and Sara's brother-in-law, Mr. Ashton, has been telegraphed for also.

"I am alone with Sara. Camille, the maid, who has been sharing my watch during this long unhappy day, has gone downstairs for her supper. I have not seen Philip since this morning; but all day long, Camille tells me, he has been pacing up and down the picture-gallery with restless untiring steps.

"Sara is lying with closed eyes, her breathing so faint that it is scarcely perceptible, her face set in an expression of intense anguish. She has revived a little, her pulse is not quite so feeble, Doctor Elton says, and she has swallowed a little of a restorative which he gave her. Whether she is conscious or not, we cannot tell; she has not opened her eyes; she has not uttered a word all day.

"I was interrupted here by a slight movement of the pillows; and, when I looked up quickly, I saw that Sara's eyes were fixed upon me with some traces of sense and recognition in their glance. I threw down the book, and in a moment was kneeling beside her, fondling the passive hand which lay limp and burning with fever in my own.

"'Am I dying?' she whispered.

"'No—oh, no!' I said eagerly. 'You will get better, darling.'

"'I am not fit,' she said feebly. 'Don't touch me, Nest! False!'

"Her voice failed her; but her eyes told me her meaning. For reply I drew her head upon my breast and kissed her.

"'No, Nest—no!' she whispered; but I only smiled at her, although my eyes were so dim that I could scarcely see her face; and, with a faint sob, she turned it, slowly hiding it against me. 'I must die!' she whispered. 'It is the only atonement I can make.'

"'Sara, for Philip's sake!' I said softly.

"'It is for his sake,' she panted, with white lips—'for his and Hugh's! There is nothing else I can do.'

"The effort exhausted her. She sank again into a death-like apathy, moaning faintly now and then; but neither my caresses nor my entreaties could arouse her again; and when, two or three hours later, I left her with the doctor and Mrs. Prior, the housekeeper, she was in the same condition.

"When I went slowly down-stairs, Philip was just crossing the hall. He started a little as he saw me and hesitated for a moment, then came forward to meet me. His face was pale, haggard, and aged. He drew me into one of the empty sitting-rooms.

"'She is a little better,' I said as cheerfully as I could. 'She recognized me and spoke; but she is very weak still.'

"He was standing by the mantelpiece, leaning his elbow upon it, and he had covered his eyes with his hand.

"'Nest,' he said huskily, 'I know your unselfishness and love too well to ask you to forgive me for the burden I am letting you bear alone and unaided. You know'—he shivered as if with cold—'that I never met her. I—I have no right; but I can trust you, dear. You will be good to her—you will be tender; and you will remember that, in spite of all, I love her.'

"I pressed his hand. My tears were choking me; I could not speak.

"'To night,' he went on hoarsely, 'I have stooped to purchase silence from the man in whose power we are—stooped to his level perhaps by so doing; but Ashton has arranged it. He knew of the marriage, as did his wife, and they betrayed me; but they believed he was dead.'

"'There is no doubt,' I murmured.

"'You saw her face that night,' he answered bitterly. 'Did you doubt, my poor Nest? No there is no doubt; and my boy—my son is——'

"He broke down utterly, covering his face with his hands.

"He turned from me and went to the door; then he paused, and, coming back, bent over me and kissed my cheek. When I was once more alone I wept long and drearily until my tears were exhausted, and then I crept up to my room.

"August 9.—Sara is worse to-day. Fever has set in, and her mind wanders. She is very quiet, however, never, never violent for a moment. She talks on quietly as if she were a child again. She never mentions Philip or her little son. She sings softly to herself sometimes—always the same words—

"'Oh that we two lay sleeping
Under the churchyard sod,
With our limbs at rest
In the quiet earth's breast,
And our hearts——'

"She never finishes the words of the last line; she shudders and lies still. Sometimes I wonder why—and then I think I can understand.

"There was a terrible thunderstorm this afternoon. It has freshened the air.

"12 p.m.—Philip has sent me to my room to rest; but I cannot do so until I write a few lines concerning what I scarcely dare realize yet. He sent for me a few hours since; and when I went to him in the library, I found him strangely excited.

"'Nest,' he said, hurrying towards me and giving me a telegram he held in his hands, 'read this! I may go to her now—I may love her without sin! Oh, heaven forgive me that I should rejoice in the death of a fellow-creature!'

"Winsor Cairns is dead. There had been an accident to the train in which he and Mr. Ashton traveled. The latter had escaped uninjured, but the former was killed on the spot. Sara is no longer his wife; she is his widow. I have scarcely dared to rejoice, not at his death, but at her freedom; for there is Hugh—poor little Hugh—at those words shrinks so nervously at sight of his bright eyes, and once when the little lad escaped from the nursery and came running downstairs in search of his mother, I saw Philip turn from him with a gesture of pain; but the next moment he had taken him in his arms with a few softly-spoken words of passionate love and heart-broken sorrow.

"September 20th.—I have not had the heart to write all these weary terrible days, full of alternate hope and fear.

"At last Sara is better, although still very weak. As soon as she is a little stronger, the marriage ceremony is to take place. Their secret has been carefully kept—even Prior knows nothing. Philip has confided in our kind old rector, who, with his wife—my mother's old friend—will be present. Philip has forgiven Sara fully, freely, and perfectly for keeping the secret of her first marriage from him; but it is because he loves her so well. Good man that he thinks of Hugh—poor Hugh, so happy and so unconscious of all sorrow——

"October 1st.—They were married this morning in the room where Sara has fought her fight with death and has come out a very worn and weary victor, but happier and sadder, more sorrowful wedding! And yet I tried hard to give it a little brightness. Doctor Elton had given leave for her to sit up a couple of hours during the finest part of the autumn day; and at eleven Camille and I dressed her. Pretending to make a little *fête* of the permission, I brought to her room a lovely white tea-gown which was the prettiest of all the many pretty garments in that *trousseau* of mine which was never needed. Sara did seem to feel such joy but she smiled, and thanked me softly. When, after many pauses of weakness, she was ready and lying back in a deep armchair, she looked like the wraith of her former loveliness.

"I had put flowers about the room, and there was a bright little fire upon the hearth. Sara lay back upon her cushions with closed eyes, tears rolling down her wasted face. She forced a smile when Philip came in, grave and moved, and, bending over her, kissed her softly. Then the good rector and Mrs. Clare came in, and I locked the door. Was there ever so sad a marriage, I wonder? The rector's voice shook as he read the service, shortening it as much as he could in consideration of Sara's weakness. She had tried to stand; but Philip had gently made her sit down; and a sob rose in my throat as she took off the ring she wore and gave it to him, and he put it back upon her finger and held her hand in his until the service was over, when Mr. Clare shook hands with them both, and Mrs. Clare kissed Sara and went away with her husband. And then I went to them, and Philip kissed and blessed me in words which almost made the tears come; and Sara clung to me with trembling hand and quivering lips; and, when I disengaged myself gently and went towards the door, I saw that Philip took her in his arms and laid her head upon his shoulder.

"As I was going to my room, I met Hugh running down the gallery—a bright bold little fellow in his red velvet suit. He threw his arms round me with a glad shout; and, at the thoughts which surged up in my mind, my tears, so long repressed, burst forth, and I sobbed like a child in my arms and hid my face upon his shoulder. For a moment he struggled to be free; then, softly patting my head, he said, in a startled manner:

"'Only naughty girls cry, auntie Nest! Have you been naughty?'

"I recovered myself with an effort, laughed, and coaxed him back to the nursery. But, when I went back to my room, I found the tears were still coming down my cheeks. Our poor little Hugh—our merry little lad! If his mother's secret should ever transpire! But it will not ever—how should it?'

The marked pages ended here, and Hugh closed the book. He had read the extracts with many a long pause of thought, and with eyes which more than once had grown dim.

"There is such a thing as true love in the world!" the young man said, bitterly. "I was wrong, to doubt it! Oh, Stanley—Stanley—Stanley!"

(To be Continued.)

Art in Dress.

There are indications that the "Box" overcoat will be more worn than usual, during the coming season. Taylor & Co., Art Tailors, 89 Yonge street.

Not Bibulous.

A Kentucky gentleman who recently came to Washington to consult with his member of Congress about an office under the new administration was asked yesterday by a gentleman from Boston whether it is really true that the people of Kentucky are so very bibulous.

"Bibulous!" said the Kentuckian. "Bibulous! I don't reckon you could find a dozen Bibles in the whole state!"—*Washington Post.*

WHAT IS VANITY?

ARE ALL MEN AND WOMEN VAIN?

It is Pardonable so Far as Personal Beauty is Concerned?—A Letter from Mrs. Langtry.

The impression has existed among ignorant or prejudiced people that women or men who are particularly neat about their persons or careful to preserve their personal charms are vain.

We cannot agree to this view. It might as well be said that men or women who keep their hands scrupulously clean are "vain"—Nature intended cleanliness with the "form divine" and also have good features and complexions, and where they are otherwise the cause may be found in neglect or suffering caused by sickness or poverty. A man or woman who is willing to be hideous or repulsive by having on the face blackheads, pimples, tan, liver-spots, and other like imperfections, must be grossly ignorant or utterly devoid of all the feeling which can be described in one quotation—"Cleanliness is next to Godliness."—Nothing more disgusting can be imagined than a face covered with the imperfections referred to—they are worse than unclean finger-nails.

Just think how suggestive they are—What must be the effect on one's lover, one's husband, or one's friends. It is a matter of duty to prevent and remove these things, and is in no sense an indication of vanity. No woman of the world but thoroughly understands the potency of a beautiful complexion.

Read the following letter and rest assured that every woman and every girl should use the Recamier Preparations. In no other way, so far discovered, can she appear as nature intended she should.

NEW YORK, August 14, 1887.

MY DEAR MRS. AYER: I have been for a year using your delightful Recamier Preparations, and was, as you recollect, one of the first to attest to their excellency. While they are in no sense of the word *cosmetics*, of which I have a *wholesome horror*, they do away with the need of such meretricious articles and excel any preparations for the complexion I have ever seen.

As I wrote you some months since, I use the Recamiers "religiously," and believe them to be essential to the toilet of every woman who desires to retain a fair skin.

Yours most sincerely,
LILLIE LANGTRY.

What the Recamier Preparations are and why they are to be used.

Recamier Cream, which is first of these world famous preparations, is made from the recipe used by Julie Recamier. It is not a cosmetic, but an emollient to be applied at night just before retiring, and to be removed in the morning by bathing freely. It will remove tan and sunburn, pimples, red spots or blotches, and make your face and hands as smooth, as white and as soft as an infant's.

Recamier Balm is a beautifier, pure and simple. It is not a whitewash, and unlike most liquids, Recamier Balm is exceedingly beneficial and is absolutely imperceptible, except in the delicate freshness and youthfulness which it imparts to the skin.

Recamier Lotion will remove freckles and moth patches; is soothing and efficacious for any irritation of the cuticle, and is the most delightful of washes for removing the dust from the face after traveling, and is also invaluable to gentlemen to be used after shaving.

Recamier Powder is in three shades, white, flesh and cream. It is the finest powder ever manufactured, and is delightful in the nursery, for gentlemen after shaving and for the toilet generally.

Recamier Soap is a perfectly pure article, guaranteed free from animal fat. This soap contains many of the healing ingredients used in compounding Recamier Cream and Lotion.

The Recamier Toilet Preparations are positively free from all poisonous ingredients, and contain neither lead, bismuth, nor arsenic. The following certificate is from the eminent Scientist and Professor of Chemistry, Thomas B. Stillman of the Stevens' Institute of Technology:

40 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, Jan., 1887.

MRS. H. H. AYER.

DEAR MADAM: Samples of your Recamier Preparations have been analyzed by me. I find that there is *nothing* in them that will *harm* the most *delicate* skin, and which is not authorized by the French Pharmacopœia as safe and *beneficial* in preparations of this character.

Respectfully yours,
THOMAS B. STILLMAN, M.Sc., Ph.D.

If your druggist does not keep the Recamier Preparations, refuse substitutes. Let him order for you, or order yourself from the Canadian office of the Recamier Manufacturing Company, 374 and 376 St. Paul street, Montreal. For sale in Canada at our regular New York prices: Recamier Cream, $1.50; Recamier Balm, $1.50; Recamier Moth and Freckle Lotion, $1.50; Recamier Soap, scented, 50c.; unscented, 25c.; Recamier Powder, large boxes, $1.00. Small boxes, 50c.

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Sherman's Hobby.

At a dinner given recently by Wilson Barrett, the English actor, to a number of prominent Americans, General Sherman related, to the great pleasure of those present, many interesting reminiscences of his long and eventful life. He explained his reputation for liking to kiss pretty girls by a funny story. Soon after the war he was driving with General Grant, when the latter said to him:

"You see it is absolutely necessary for every man who becomes prominent in public life to cultivate some hobby, so that when the office-seekers drive him into a corner he can suddenly change the subject, and not give them another chance to get a word in edgewise. I intend to take up the horse. I will read up all about him, and when I am pressed too hard I can bowl the fellow out on the attributes of the noble animal."

"Well," replied Sherman, "if I must have a hobby, let it be pretty girls."

Too Great a Strain.

Physician—What is your profession, sir?
Patient (pompously)—I am a gentleman.
Physician—Well, you'll have to try something else; it doesn't agree with you.—*Life.*

Misunderstood.

Snodgrass (to grocer)—Those apples I got from you were not half bad.
Grocer (cheerfully)—I'm glad you liked them.
Yes; only about a third of them were bad.

Common Symptoms.

Katherine—Has Ned Bracebridge given you any reason to suspect his love yet?
Emily—Indeed he has. He never says anything nice to me, and never squeezes my hand, but just hangs around and mopes all the time.—*Life.*

Obedience.

Mrs. Brown—As long as you live, Arthur, never let me see you climb up that long ladder again.
Little Arthur—You never will, mamma. I was scared myself.—*Life.*

Transferable Blushes.

Sister Grace—How you are blushing! Give an account of yourself, sir.
Brother George (confidentially)—I have been in the conservatory for the last half hour with—Miss Beauty.
Sister Grace—I always suspected that her blushes would come off.—*Saturday Evening Herald.*

The Worst Yet.

Landlady (to boarder who objects to his solitary gas jet being secured at half blaze)—Do you want the neighbors to think the house is afire?—*Texas Siftings.*

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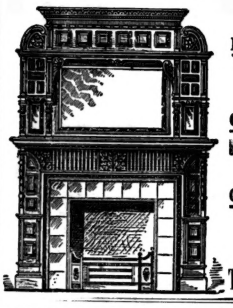

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The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

RENNIE—At Toronto, on December 16, Mrs. Robert B. Rennie—a son.
BARNES—At Toronto, on December 15, Mrs. Wm. H. Barnes—twin daughters.
OLIVER—At Medicine Hat, North-west Territory, on December 15, Mrs A. Oliver—a son.
NELLIS—At Woodstock, on December 20, Mrs. W. P. Nellis—a son.
MONK—At Toronto, on December 24, Mrs. G. W. Monk—a son.

Marriages.

CUNNINGHAM—DECATUR—At Orangeville, on December 18, W. J. Cunningham to Sadie H. Decatur.
KUSER—GEBHUPT—At Elmhouse, on December 18, Isaac Kuser to Clara Gerhupt.
LEARY—EASTMAN—At Toronto, on December 18, Chas C. Leary to Louisa Etta Eastman.
MORSON—HOLDEN—At Simcoe, on December 18, William C. T. Morson to Marion Rutherford Holden.
McMILLAN—DUNN—At Hamilton, on December 19, Anthony J. McMillan to Lizzie Louisa Dunn.
PLATER—SMITH—On December 19, Richard George Plater to Lizzie Emma Smith.
SMYTHE—CONSTANTINE—At Toronto, on December 19 Albert Ernest Stafford Smythe to Mary Adelaide Constantine.
ACKERMAN—TOOGOOD—At Toronto, on December 21, Edgar Rudolph Ackerman to Eliza Anna Toogood
THOMPSON—STEWART—At Uxbridge, on December 18, F. H. Thompson to Constance Mabel Stewart.
DRAPER—ROGERS—At Toronto, on December 20, J. P. Draper to K. Rogers.
McKINNON—EDWARDS—At Cannington, on December 24, Rev. Malcolm McKinnon to Maude Edwards.
BOULDUC—BECKFORD—On December 18, D'Arcy Edward Bouldue, jr., to Elsie Blakewell Beckford.
ROGERS—DRAPER—At Toronto, on December 20, J. P. Draper to K. Rogers.
LESLIE—ANDERSON—At Edinton, on December 25, John Knox Leslie to Blanche Eleanor Anderson.
GRAY—SUTTON—At Walkerton, on December 24, James Gray to Mary Louisa Sutton.
MANLEY—GORDON—At St. George's Church, Harriston, on December 24, by the Rev. Royal Dixon, B.A., assisted by the Rev. Astrel Burns, rector of St. Paul's, Palmerston, Frederick Fitz-Payne Manley, M.A., Mathematical Master Toronto Collegiate Institute, to Elizabeth Gordon, youngest daughter of the late John Fisher of Harriston.

Deaths.

WELDRICK—At Thornhill, on December 20, George Weldrick, aged 62 years.
WATERS—At New Orleans, on December 12, the beloved child of Rev. Henry Harcourt Waters, aged 10 months
McNEILL—At St. Marys, on December 15, Mrs. Elizabeth Grey McNeill, aged 80 years.
MILNE—At Alcester, on December 19, Clara R. Milne.
PHIPPS—At Toronto, on December 19, infant daughter of Frank H. and Minnie Phipps.
FIELD—At Toronto, on December 22, infant daughter of William H. and Jessie Blue Field.
SUTHERLAND—At Toronto, on December 21, Mary McLeod Sutherland, aged 70 years.
HAMMOND—At Fort Erie, on December 23, Mrs. William Hammond, aged 74 years.
McCALLUM—At Toronto, on December 22, Neil McCallum, aged 47 years.
REDDITY—At Toronto, on December 23, Nicholas McGinty, aged 23 years
HANEY—At Downsville, on December 15, Henry Haney, aged 13 years.
OLIPHANT—At Clarkson, on December 23, Mrs. Thomas Oliphant, aged 26 years.
JONES—At Niagara Falls South, Ont., on December 20, John Gilbert Jones, aged 31 years.
COCHRAN—At Toronto, on December 23, Mrs. John Cochran, aged 81 years.
CARTWRIGHT—At Toronto, Harriette A. Cartwright.
BELL—At Claremont, Ont., on December 18, Joseph Bell, aged 80 years.

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DRESS SILKS FOR ORDINARY EVENING and HOLIDAY WEAR—Plain, striped and brocaded Original price $1 to $1.50, now 25c.
FIGURED CHINA SILKS—Cost were $1 a yard, now selling at 75c.
PLUSHES AT 25c A YARD—That formerly sold at 50c and 75c
FIGURED AND BROCADED VELVETS—At 37½c. a yard, were $1 and $1.25.
LARGE STOCK OF DRESS GOODS—Reduced over one third.
ALL-WOOL CRINKLE CLOTHS—At $1 a yard that always sold for $1.50.
LADIES' CHECKED HABIT CLOTH—$1 a yard, was $1.25. This season's goods. Every shade.
COSTUMES IN FRENCH SERGE and AMAZON CLOTHS—Marked down in proportion.
PRINTS AND SATEENS—Worth 25c a yard, marked at 16c.

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FANCY TABLE COVERS, DAMASKS, &c.

FANCY TABLE COVERS, 4.4—Were $3, now $1.75.
FANCY TINSEL COVERS 6 4—Were $3 75, now $1 50.
FANCY TAPESTRY COVERS, 8 4 Were $5, now $1.95.
FANCY PLUSH SIDEBOARD COVERS—Were $5, now $2.75.
TABLE DAMASK—Napkins, Towels, etc.

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17 000 yards Ribbons and Laces at 1c. a yard, were 5c. and 6c.
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